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Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 26, 1977 75¢

Internal Edition
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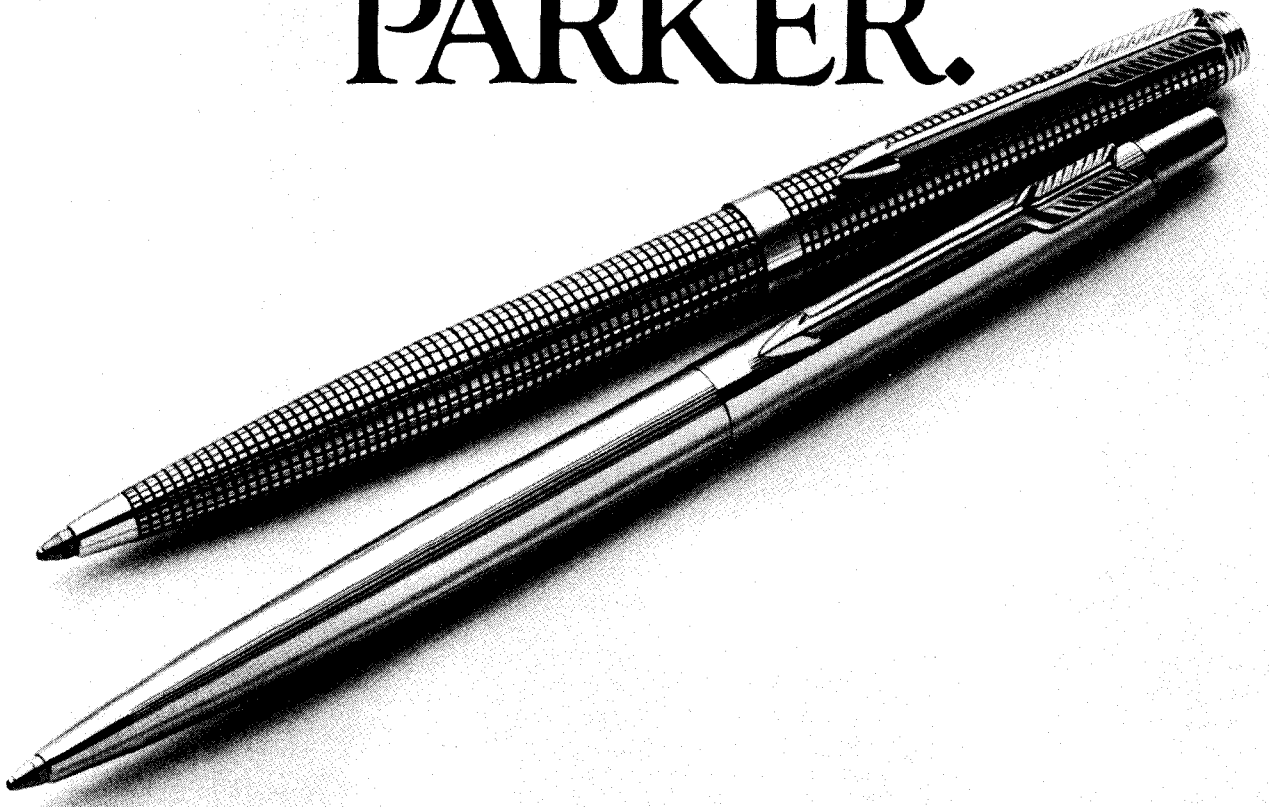

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Cover by Ruth Gilbert/Designed by Laura Hart

Cartoonists: Vahan Shirvanian, Henry Martin, Robert M. Hageman, Clarence Brown

SATURDAY REVIEW published biweekly by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$14; two years—$24; three years—$30 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 5, No. 5, November 26, 1977. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada. © 1977 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscription, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-2160.

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Editor's Page

The Bakke Case: Just the Beginning

THE ISSUE posed by the Bakke case is whether the admissions policies of colleges and universities should be stretched to make up for the failure of society to provide adequate opportunities at lower educational levels for members of minority groups. Allan Bakke, a white student, contends he has been victimized by the admissions policy of the medical school at the University of California at Davis, which set aside a fixed number of places for minority students.

At this writing, the Supreme Court has not handed down a decision in the Bakke case. Even if the Court upholds UCD's policy of relaxing its admissions procedures to favor applicants from minorities, a fundamental issue will remain. That issue is whether the universities are willing to provide extra attention and facilities to help blacks hold their own in scholastic competition with whites. Widening the doorway makes it possible for underprivileged students to get started. An even bigger problem, however, is enabling them to go all the way. Here we come to the central questions: Must universities lower their academic requirements as a consistent extension of eased admission requirements? How does a university harmonize its civil and social duties with its traditions of good scholarship?

Not much has been said publicly so far about the fact, but the policy of accommodation has resulted in many universities' compromising their scholastic requirements. A striking example of the new permissiveness is the attitude toward failing students. The number of students who drop out or are dropped because of poor academic performance has fallen sharply. Medical schools today are far more lenient toward failing and borderline students than they used to be, a consequence of the national disposition to make up for past sins in the education of blacks. Indeed, some schools no longer regard poor performance as the primary basis for asking students to withdraw. Students whose work is substandard are often given the option to stay on.

The implications of the accommodationist policy are profoundly disquieting. What about graduation requirements? Should they be modified to correspond to the easing of standards up to that point? If not, is it fair to turn students back only at the diploma ceremonies?

What about state and national board examinations? Should tests be adjusted to reflect the declining level of scholarship? If so, wouldn't the main losers be the same minority groups from which the "favored" students came in the first place? What a cruel irony it would be if minority groups should be subjected to treatment by physicians who are less safe and knowledgeable than they ought to be.

These are not theoretical issues. Three black students who were dropped in 1975 from the medical school of the University of Missouri at Kansas City because of poor scholarship demanded reinstatement. They contended that the school did not take into account the disadvantages of their earlier education. Dr. Grey Dimond, provost of the medical school, was able to persuade them to spend whatever additional time might be necessary to meet the required standards rather than involve themselves in costly and fruitless legal procedures. The students decided to take remedial studies and eventually applied for re-admission. They were accepted and went on to make good grades.

The medical school at UMKC is one of the few that has met the fundamental problem of the underprivileged student—not by reducing its standards but by providing an extensive and well-organized program of special tutoring. UMKC does not accept the proposition that the national interest is served by sacrificing academic standards. It was, indeed, the rigid application of these standards that resulted in dropping the black students who unsuccessfully sought to have the school adjust to their own inadequacies. Dr. Dimond doesn't believe that such problems are properly met by a retreat from excellence. He doesn't quarrel with the practice of setting aside a fixed number of places for applicants from minority groups. But he also believes that the obligation of the university to blacks, far from being fulfilled by a liberalized policy of admissions, actually begins at that point. He contends that the university, in the act of encouraging applications from minorities, incurs an obligation to help such students complete their studies.

Academic downgrading is the line of least resistance but also the path of greatest danger. The schools must accept primary responsibility for student performance. Faculty members at UMKC give extra attention to black students in need of it. Even with such assistance, some students don't make the grade, in which case the school reluctantly asks them to withdraw. Nothing is more misguided and even hazardous than the notion that inadequate and even shabby scholarship can be justified by the requirements of social justice.

IT MAY BE SAID that it is impossible for higher education to find the necessary resources to provide special facilities for all the students who would like to attend professional schools but who lack adequate educational preparation. Yet money may be less vital than initiative and imagination, as the University of Alabama has demonstrated under its young president, David Mathews. Not so many years ago, an attempt was made by the governor of Alabama to block the admission of blacks. Today, more black students are enrolled in the University of Alabama than in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth combined. The governor had sought to limit black enrollment by requiring applicants to pass relatively stiff entrance examinations. The response of the university was to send UA seniors throughout the state to tutor black students who might not otherwise pass those tests. In the final analysis, the most important ingredient in such a program is not money but heart.

Something on the order of a mobilization of conscience may be required if the nation's educational establishments are going to repair accumulated past deficiencies in order to make educational opportunity more than a slogan. Justice for the nation's blacks does not require that a university education be cheapened through the promiscuous distribution of diplomas. There *is* a need, however, to expand the role of the university in going far beyond its traditional functions in nurturing and developing the nation's human resources. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Religion's Dirty Linen

As a fourth-generation Pentecostal, I write from both the fundamental and charismatic traditions to say "Amen" to many of the points expressed by Dwayne Walls in "The Jesus Mania: Bigotry in the Name of the Lord" [September 17]. I speak for many in our own ranks who are alarmed by the trends toward flagrant commercialization, excessive emotionalism, and narrow-minded exclusivity. In far too many cases, the sharing and caring principles of Christ have been perverted into the shearing and conning principles of mammon. Thanks for pointing out this "mean streak" within our evangelical community.

I would be dishonest, however, if I did not point out that such articles do hinder the progress of moderate voices from within the fundamentalist framework. This very article, no doubt, will be used by religious zealots as proof of persecution for righteousness's sake. Defensively reacting, they will work harder than ever to shout down or exorcise the voices of moderation within their respective movements. I admit that such hoodlums exist within our ranks. I detest their tactics and denounce their intent. Yet I do want the rest of the Christian world to know that their practices are not the norm for the majority of those Christians who cherish such names as evangelical, fundamental, charismatic, and Pentecostal.

Philip Morris, Pastor
Walker Memorial Church
Princess Anne, Md.

Poor research and loss of objectivity apparently due to personal bias almost obliterate the valid issues Dwayne Walls raises regarding contemporary Christianity.

To lump together Christian evangelicals and charismatics shows a lack of understanding regarding these separate aspects of popular Christianity. Self-proclaimed evangelicals rarely express sympathy for charismatics. The charismatic movement is identified with "Christian renewal," which emphasizes the more mystical aspects of Christianity but in truth cannot be deemed "nothing more than Pentecostalism ... [whose followers were once known as] 'Holy Rollers.'" Though the charismatic movement is not a homogeneous and unified program and demonstrates rather cliquish doctrinal differences with highly visible anti-intellectual components, the careful observer will discover a deeply intellectual undercurrent. Some of the most challenging, stimulating, and thought-provoking theological discussions regarding the truly difficult questions in religion are explored in "main line" charismatic churches. This may be one reason that the charismatic renewal seems to attract professionals, scientists, and other well-educated people who find it unnecessary to relinquish their rational capacities in order to participate in the personal and mystical experience of God in a nonrational but not necessarily emotional way.

It is true that a reprehensible bigotry is developing among some self-professed renewal advocates that takes the form of "buy Christian." There is a growing concern on the part of many Christians involved in renewal regarding the commercialization of Christianity, but it is not true that commercialization, heavy-handed tactics, or irrational emotionalism characterize the renewal movement as a whole.

Spiritual renewal in the United States today suffers the historic afflictions of man's ignorance, selfishness, and shallowness. But it seems to carry hope, healing, and new life to thousands of people beginning to discover what it means to be whole, and these people have a right not to be slandered.

It is regrettable that Mr. Walls took a page out of the McCarthy era to distort and capitalize on the readily apparent abuses of spiritual renewal in order to convict by association all people claiming a life-renewing, transcendental Christian experience.

W. E. "Rip" Parker
Garland, Tex.

Legality Versus Morality

I would like to take exception to a statement made by Carll Tucker in his article "Carter and Abortion" [September 17].

Mr. Tucker states that "the 'moral factor' has been resolved. By its 1973 ruling, the Supreme Court has made the right to elective abortions a constitutional right."

The Supreme Court is a political (in the broad sense of the word) institution, not a religious one. The Supreme Court can determine what is *legal*, but *not* what is *moral*.

As far as I am concerned, the "moral factor" of abortion has not been resolved by the Supreme Court's declaring abortions to be legal. I look to a higher authority in trying to determine the morality of an act.

Alice M. Ackley
Cerritos, Calif.

Carll Tucker replies: One must distinguish between individual and collective morality. An individual can espouse any morality he chooses. Society determines its morality by governmental processes. By legalizing abortion, society has said that abortion is moral at this point in time, from society's point of view. If enough individuals feel that society is behaving immorally (witness the Vietnam War), society will change its opinion.

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Front Runners

Carlos Llerena Aguirre

Roundup Time in Thailand

Marauding rats are a big headache in Thailand. Recently the villagers of Pathun Thani province decided to take the matter into their own hands—literally. Fanning out into the rat-infested countryside, they killed some 20,000 rats by catching them with their bare hands and bashing their heads in against rocks. Then the hunters staged a mammoth Saturday-night barbecue, eating their fill of the defunct rodents. "The rats eat our crops, so we'll eat them," chuckled a district officer.

The immediate cause of the great rat roundup, as reported by Alan Dawson in a United Press International dispatch, was the province's loss so far this year of about $500,000 worth of produce, which was gobbled up by waves of rats. Alarmed, the farmers decided to mount a counterattack remindful of China's much-publicized campaign against flies—during which the country's entire population whacked away with flyswatters to such good effect that within several years the People's Republic had completely rid itself of the buzzing pests. In a remarkable display of similar zeal, Thai villagers went out after the rats, wielding sticks, stones, and even nets. But they soon found that the direct, bare-handed approach worked best.

Delighted with the results, the farmers intend to stage further roundups. There is, incidentally, no shortage of rats for the province's barbecue pits—Pathun Thani has a rodent population estimated at upwards of 500,000.

Jews, Books, and Tears

Should a Jewish book publisher open a display stand at the Moscow Book Fair? This question was debated by the American Jewish Book Publishers association (AJBP) for almost a year before the fair opened in September. Some AJBP members felt that their participation in the fair might be interpreted as encouragement to the Soviet government. In the end, however, it was decided that regardless of any benefits to the Soviet Union, the book fair would provide an ideal opportunity to support Soviet Jewry.

Within hours of the stand's opening, any remaining doubts were dissipated by the sight of an old Jewish man painstakingly deciphering a Hebrew text. Stumbling over the words, he suddenly realized that what he was reciting was a passage from a Jewish holy work long unavailable in the USSR. Overcome with joy, he began to weep aloud. The American exhibitors watching him also wept.

Many times during the nine-day fair, American and Russian Jews were overcome by the sight of Jewish books on open display in the Soviet Union. These books had not been seen in 30 years, for after 1948 Stalin dismantled Jewish and Yiddish publishing presses and even melted their typefaces. Thus, although the AJBP's stand was competing against those of major western publishers, its stand was far and away the fair's most crowded.

No group was more enthusiastic about the AJBP exhibit than the "refuseniks"—Jews refused permission to emigrate from the USSR. Thousands of them visited the AJBP display every day, staying on until dusk, reading books and soaking in an atmosphere in which Judaism was respected. For David Olivestone, editor in chief of the Hebrew Publishing Company, meeting the refuseniks was "the only thing that made sense" during the "surreal" days at the Moscow fair. Back in his New York office, Olivestone glowed as he recalled seeing Russian Jews touching and reading Jewish books. But he also remembered his final conversation with a refusenik: "See you in two years," he said in anticipation of the 1979 Moscow Book Fair. "I hope not!" came the reply.

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Front Runners

Strangelove Rides Again

What to do about DBCP, the pesticide that zaps bugs good but is said to render males sterile?

The National Peach Council—a highly interested party—has just come up with an approach to DBCP that is either the wisdom of Solomon or the counsel of Satan. Rather than ban the insecticide, says Peach Council spokesman Robert K. Phillips, why not allow it to be manufactured by assembly line workers *who have no need to fear the chemical's effects*? "If possible sterility is the main concern," says Phillips, "couldn't workers who were old enough that they no longer wanted children accept such positions voluntarily?... Some might volunteer for such work posts as an alternative to planned surgery for a vasectomy... or as a means of getting around religious bans on birth control when they want no more children."

Is Phillips kidding? Reached by the Associated Press for comment, he was quick to say that his proposal is no Strangelovian joke: "They may think I'm doing it tongue in cheek, but I'm not.... All these government agencies are overdoing everything.... They should at least consider alternatives to banning this material." No mention, however, of what will become of the citizens who eat the peaches sprayed with the DBCP manufactured by all those sterile volunteer factory workers.

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Under Deep Cover

The latest episode in ex-Yippie Abbie Hoffman's endless flight from the law finds Abbie eyeball-to-eyeball with the feds—inside, no less, the FBI's cavernous, ultra-secure, new Washington headquarters.

In a *Penthouse* article, federal fugitive Hoffman claims that while wearing yet another of his impenetrable disguises, he walked right into the feds' lair, which he calls "two-and-a-half-million square feet of fortified fear." By insinuating himself into a party of sightseers being shown through the building, Hoffman—who is wanted on a much-publicized drug rap—got the complete guided tour, firing range and all. There was one really hairy moment, he says, when the tour guide began briefing her charges on what to do if one recognizes a wanted criminal. But Hoffman—who is noted for having ice in his stomach—hung cool, toughed out the briefing, and sauntered out of the building into the light of day, unscathed.

Samuel B. Whitehead

From Bad to Verse

The woods are alive with good poets, and there have even been a few *great* poets. But there is only one uncontested "world's worst poet"—William McGonagall. As Peter Shaw points out in a United Press International dispatch from London, McGonagall, a self-published Scot who flourished in the late 1800s, has become a cult figure in Asia, Europe, and, to a lesser extent, in the United States and Canada: "In 1971, about 220,000 volumes of his poems had been sold. Last February, sales topped the 500,000 mark.... He's outselling Browning and Tennyson." The bard's fans now include, says Shaw, "most of the British royal family."

Here is a typical McGonagall atrocity, "The Funeral of the German Emperor":

"The authorities of Berlin in honor of
the Emperor
Considered it no sin,
To decorate with crape the beautiful city
of Berlin,
Therefore Berlin I declare was a city of
crape
Because few buildings crape decoration
did escape."

Whenever McGonagall perpetrated some of his monumentally dreadful verses, Shaw writes, "he hawked them in the streets and recited them in halls and taverns to callous audiences who sometimes pelted him with eggs and vegetables... and once hit him in the mouth with a wet towel [while he was in mid-poem]." A century later, McGonagall is still being sloshed with wet towels: The *Times Literary Supplement* recently pronounced him "a real genius, for he is the only memorable truly bad poet in our language."

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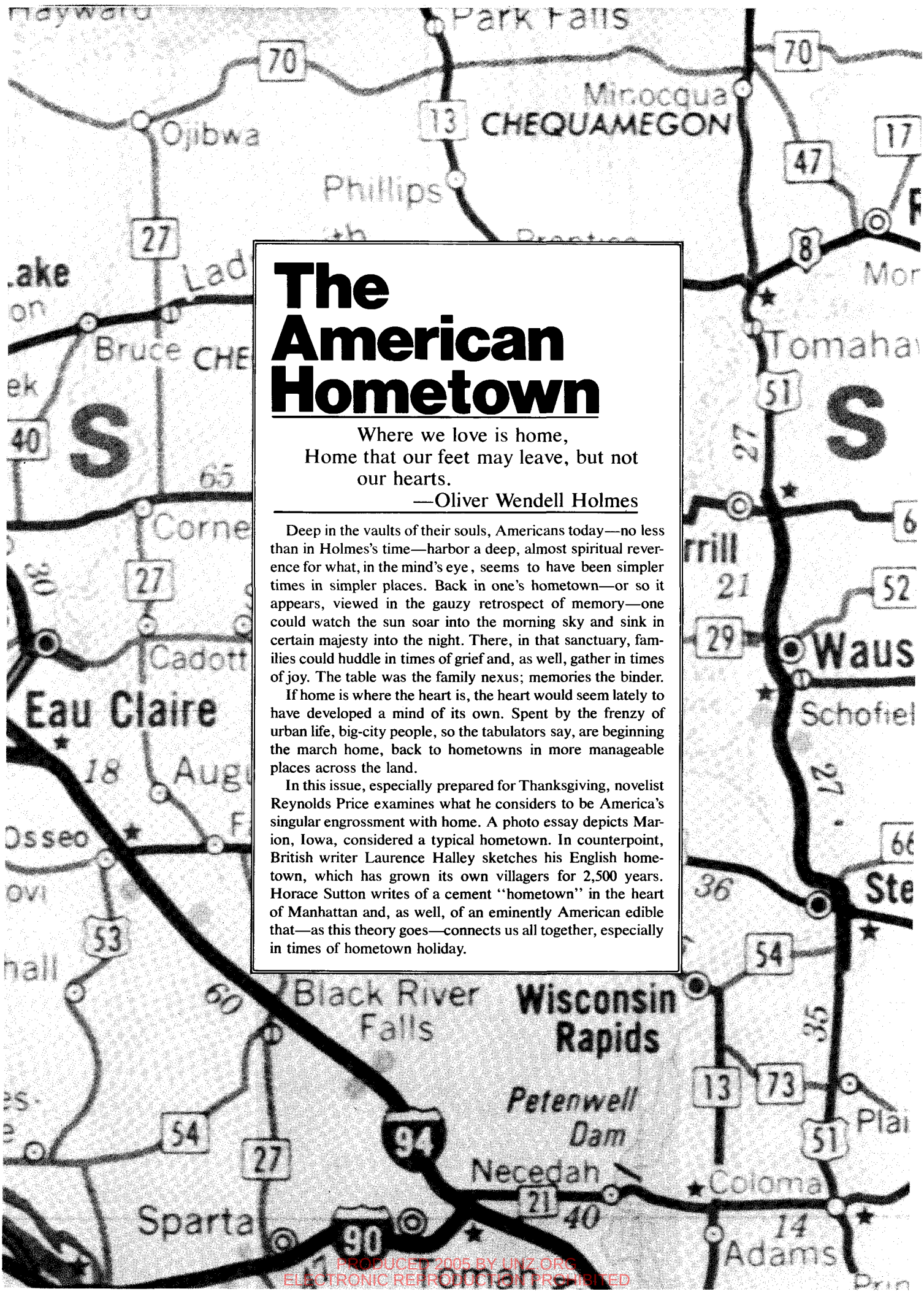

The American Hometown

Where we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Deep in the vaults of their souls, Americans today—no less than in Holmes's time—harbor a deep, almost spiritual reverence for what, in the mind's eye, seems to have been simpler times in simpler places. Back in one's hometown—or so it appears, viewed in the gauzy retrospect of memory—one could watch the sun soar into the morning sky and sink in certain majesty into the night. There, in that sanctuary, families could huddle in times of grief and, as well, gather in times of joy. The table was the family nexus; memories the binder.

If home is where the heart is, the heart would seem lately to have developed a mind of its own. Spent by the frenzy of urban life, big-city people, so the tabulators say, are beginning the march home, back to hometowns in more manageable places across the land.

In this issue, especially prepared for Thanksgiving, novelist Reynolds Price examines what he considers to be America's singular engrossment with home. A photo essay depicts Marion, Iowa, considered a typical hometown. In counterpoint, British writer Laurence Halley sketches his English hometown, which has grown its own villagers for 2,500 years. Horace Sutton writes of a cement "hometown" in the heart of Manhattan and, as well, of an eminently American edible that—as this theory goes—connects us all together, especially in times of hometown holiday.

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HOME: An American Obsession

by Reynolds Price

THE WORD *home* is an obsession of the American language, not of the English. In four years of living in England, I never heard an Englishman use the word *hometown*, for instance. They have the parent word, of course, and most of its offspring—there is even a Home Office in their government (concerned, significantly, with internal affairs of the entire country)—but if *home* ever bore the meaning it has for Americans, the meaning has faded. In fact, the dense ganglion of emotion that Americans keep round it only began to settle on the English word in the fifteenth century.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* has citations from about A.D. 900; but they all define a tangible place, a particular village or house that "one regards as one's proper abode." The *OED* cannot find the word used in our sense (as "the place of one's dwelling or nurturing, with the conditions, circumstances, and feelings which naturally and properly attach to it") before about 1460. That first citation is suggestive. In the Towneley Mysteries a character says, "In euery place he shall haue hame"; and *home* springs finally to life—for a people who had wandered restlessly—as the symbol of safe, warm rest, however brief. The root of the word had similar force for our Indo-European and Saxon linguistic ancestors, but many other European languages have no precisely equivalent current word. Modern French, Italian, and Spanish are content with their word for *house*. They have approximations, all connoting *hearth—foyer, focolare, hogar*—but like the British, they show little need for a word most Americans need many times a day—*home, hometown, homemaker, homebreaker, beautiful-brand-new-homes-for-sale, homesick, homemade, homeward bound*. Why do we?

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We're a nation of vagabonds. Exact figures are hard to come by, but it's commonly claimed that one in three American families moves every year. It's fashionable to speak of such alarming mobility as a recent phenomenon—the product of economic, technological, and moral changes in the wake of the Second World War. Again, reliable figures for the movements of earlier generations are not available; but one fact may be stated and leaned on—*Every American, including the Indian, is here because he left somewhere else. Only black Americans came unwillingly. All except Indians came very recently on the scale of human change, genetic history.* And though the vast majority of Americans—nearly 90 percent—left the "somewhere else" for a tangle of spiritual, economic, and physical reasons, it's important to remember that a heavy reason in many cases was *family*. The "somewhere else" put so irretrievably behind was mostly the home of their family—the endless primeval slough of blood and duty, the puppeteer hands of older generations.

It was only with the first generation *born here* that what had seemed a clean impulse to freedom began to seem a doom instead, a curse in the seed. The children grew on the labor involved in clearing land or spinning thread to feed family mouths; then once grown, they tore loose and lost themselves in the unimaginable distances provided by America—the Cumberland Gaps, the plains and forests so patiently eager to swallow and hide. Think of all the sons and daughters—labored over, nurtured for years in the natural hope of eventual return (a tended old age)—who one day said plain farewells and rode off westward, out of sight and voice forever: no phones, no regular mail, *disappearance*. Any country's history may be seen with some justice as a series of dramatic genres—tragedy, farce, melodrama, vaudeville turn. A large part of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American history was a vanishing act; a large part still is.

Four hundred years after Raleigh's lost colony in North Carolina, the spaces still oblige an odd solitary or fugitive or

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aging hippie; but the monstrous cities now are the perfect maw of anonymity, stripped raw liberty. The girl in the subway—straw blond and pale, accepting your look with a lucid smile—may be a long-sought Weatherwoman or the Kansas ax slayer of a family of eight. (By contrast, it seems a fair guess that 70 percent of the present world population lives within 50 miles of its grandparents' birthplace and that 85 percent of all *Homo sapiens* in history have never moved more than one day's journey on foot from the site of their cradles.)

It's our ingrained American restlessness, then, unique in the world for geographical scope and endurance, that demands we nurse—in our various temporary camps—the idea of home as icon and amulet, gross sentimentality and bedrock truth simultaneously, a truth that has borne these centuries of violation but is murderously roused against us at last, implacably perhaps. The ignored centers of sane human life—literal homes, houses and towns—are killing us over what we thought were safe distances we'd put between us, in our need and fear.

The fear has been multiple but if it's reducible to a word, then the word is *time*. If we stay at home, we acknowledge a past that as one of its functions has given birth to us (contingency then, not spontaneous generation); and worse, we see that past die before us—our parents age, sicken, dissolve in pain; we tend them as they go and learn our own mortality. But flight—ah flight! To leave all that is to cancel its claims. In a strange, far place we are free to be ourselves, not subordinate units of a larger sponge or hive; and the chance of evading decay and death is real, worth the wandering. But being alive, we require companions—the touch of other bodies. That touch is the friction which begins to wear us; and time

Return of the Native

by Susan Schiefelbein

LADY in a (theater) box: "Is there any culture... in Grover's Corners?"
MR. WEBB: "Well, ma'am, there ain't much.... Maybe this is the place to tell you that we've got a lot of pleasures of a kind here: we like the sun comin' up over the mountain in the morning, and we all notice a good deal about the birds... and we watch the change of seasons...."
Our Town

FOR THE FIRST TIME in 50 years, more Americans are moving to small towns than to cities. In the three decades prior to 1970, nine million people left small towns and moved to urban areas; but in three short years after 1970, 1.5 million left metropolitan areas behind and headed for homes in small towns. Clearly, the once magical attractions of cosmopolitan life—the arts, the sophistication, the promise of success—no longer have the allure of those simple country "pleasures of a kind" so dear to Mr. Webb.

This trend is far too significant to be dismissed—along with organic gardens and communes—as nothing but a stale leftover from the Sixties. True, people who are moving from city to country are younger—by about 17 years—than those who are staying put; but statistics also show that they earn about $1,500 more annually, they have higher-status jobs, and they have on the average two years more education than their cohorts who have chosen to remain in urban areas. Nor are movers simply spilling over from city to suburb: People are heading for small towns that are independent of cities. Although some of these areas are within commuting distance of cities and suburbs, the most spectacular growth is taking place in towns far from urban centers.

What is most important about this trend, however, is not so much the types of people and towns involved as the fact that the shift represents an abrupt and dramatic break with the American tradition of urban expansion. For an entire century, people have abandoned the rustic amenities of country living in favor of urban sophistication and convenience. By the Sixties, city life seemed so important to our culture that the President's Commission on Rural Poverty called its report "The People Left Behind." Indeed they were: Some 200 counties had lost more than half their population to cities, and hundreds of others had dwindled almost as dramatically.

In the sociological literature, country folk have seemed not so much "the people left behind" as the people entirely forgotten—as evidenced by the titles that line library shelves: *The Urbanization of America*; *The Making of Urban America*; *The Urban Prospect*. Even Robert and Helen Lynd's classic *Middletown* (1929) and *Middletown in Transition* (1937)—both recognized as being among the most valuable records on an American community ever written—deal not with a small town but with a small city—Muncie, Indiana, thinly disguised. During the 10 years in which the Lynds scrutinized "Middletown," its population grew from 36,000 to 50,000.

But even though the Lynds dealt with a middling-big town, they said a lot about small ones in between the lines. In *Middletown*, rural America slowly became an anachronism as the town began to pulse with life, thanks to a natural gas boom and the advent of the auto and radio. Then in *Transition* the Lynds began to note the many admirable qualities of life Middletown's people had sacrificed in their rush to urbanization. "'Progress'; 'growing' wealth and power; 'bigger and better' everything—these are some of the symbols that live daily in the skins of Middletown folk," the Lynds wrote. "People tend to lose each other.... One 'lives in' a town, 'makes one's money there,'... rather than necessarily being an integral part of the town."

Despite the isolation that characterized city life, however, decades passed and the small-town exodus and concurrent urban explosion continued. People examined their options and chose to buck cosmopolitan problems rather than wrestle with rural ones.

The choice was not altogether irrational. The problems

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finds us anywhere, the ultimate police.

So a sizable part of the premise of America was fallacious, that part we've always called *room to grow, a place to be free in*—when what we meant was a dream of escape, a selfish exile. And the fruits of that deluded planting fall round us now, threatening to smother—Medusa cities that no one can contemplate for long without yielding vital human qualities to stone, a once apparently limitless countryside now helpless at the mercy of a huge population in fevered pursuit of change and "rest," in pursuit of a happiness guaranteed in writing in the charter itself but alas not defined or regulated in any form more public than Jefferson's table talk and letters.

Despite sporadic eloquent attempts at rousing by passionate realists, from Thoreau to the southern Agrarians, the dream careened on its way into nightmare; and only in the last 10 years has there been any large-scale, sustained effort to wake a giant as huge as the world's largest thoroughly mechanized society. Results to date of the lengthy tocsin are hard to measure for depth and durability—a healthy new concern for the nonhuman world in all its organic and inorganic forms (which is subject on one hand to missionary excesses, on the other to the disbelief or disregard of the greedy); an apparent movement of population out of urban centers into small towns and the country; the apparent demise among bright young Americans of the notion, strong for the last century, that an invigorating life is only available in cities. I have, for instance, in recent years taught only one good university student who moved to New York, whereas in my own graduating class of 1955 there were mass dashes for the upper East Side. Graduates seem now to be seeking green places where the only clutter is a franchise belt on the outskirts of town. What they don't often contemplate is going back home. Why?

that plague small towns remain serious even today. Health facilities are the worst of the lot: In 1970 there were half as many doctors per 100,000 people in nonmetropolitan areas as there were in metropolitan areas. Chronic disease and infant mortality have far higher incidence in small towns, and old people who live in them have so many health problems—and find it so difficult to reach a doctor—that life for many of them ranges from the unpleasant to the unbearable.

Income is another problem. Nonmetropolitan residents earn only three fourths as much as city dwellers, and the difference is not wholly made up, as one might expect, in the lower cost of living. Worse, jobs are scarce: Should a factory close down outside a small town, there isn't another one a few blocks away to soak up the unemployed. Twice as many of the nation's poor live in nonmetropolitan areas as in cities. Finally, people who live in rural areas are less educated,and their attitudes are often very fundamental and conservative—partly because, sociologists say, they don't have the city dweller's exposure to many different ideas. As a result, small-town people may appear naïve or narrow-minded to city dwellers who are considering a move to the country.

Why then, with all the problems and after all these years, are so many city people now moving to small towns? Some reasons are obvious: Industries and businesses are moving to small towns, so more jobs are available. Better communications and transportation make for easier access to the city's benefits. The crime rates in cities have soared to such heights that many people are simply afraid to stay; the incidence of aggressive assault is twice as high in cities as in small towns, and the rate of robberies is 13 times as high. Another factor is pollution. Too many cities have taken shortcuts in their race to profits, refusing to spend the money necessary to make their products or produce their energy in a safe, clean way. The environmental mess is no longer just a rallying point for people who are enamored of causes; statistics show that many of the people who are fleeing cities have lung and heart diseases caused by pollution and are too sick to take any more chances.

Sociological theories tell us more about the move to small towns than do any of the random factual or statistical explanations. In an article published in *The Geographical Review*, Wilbur Zelinsky hypothesizes that the more progressive a society becomes, the less the people flock toward traditional symbols of progress. As a society advances, he writes, economic features are not as important to them as human values, pleasures, and physical surroundings.

Another theory about the country's magnetic pull is developed with elaborate detail and admirable expertise in an issue of *The Annals of the American Academy* devoted to the "New Rural America" (January 1977). The numerous sociologists who contributed to this issue suggest that Americans have never wanted to live in the city at all; that the economic factor did not influence their choice—it *forced* their choice. Now that many Americans have achieved financial well-being, the *Annals* symposium suggests, they are concentrating on other needs—and are fulfilling these needs by moving to small towns. This theory is supported by Angus Campbell, whose studies show that although urban dwellers are satisfied with the specifics of life—hospitals, garbage collection, and so forth—they usually are not happy about life in toto. Rural people, on the other hand, are satisfied more with the whole of their life than with any of its parts. Another telling statistic from the *Annals* report: Six out of ten city dwellers want to move from the metropolitan areas; but nine out of ten small town-people wouldn't trade their life for any other.

Because the urban exodus of recent years began so suddenly, the sociological analysis of small-town living is currently more an art than a science. Besides examining the changing attitudes and values of Americans, sociologists have yet to address themselves to other pressing questions raised by the new preference for small towns: How can they avoid the problems that plague the cities? How, for instance, can they cope with the population influx? Who should assume the high cost of providing services for rural areas? Few minorities move to small towns; how can villages avoid being characterized as racially and socially exclusive?

Social scientists will, for some time to come, be writing and publishing furiously on these topics. In the meantime, the Americans who have left the urban rat race and settled down in the countryside can finally concentrate,not on earning a living, but on savoring life itself.

STAGE MANAGER: "And this is Mrs. Webb's garden. Just like Mrs. Gibbs's, only it's got a lot of sunflowers, too. Right here's a big butternut tree...." He looks at the audience for a minute.

"Nice town, y'know what I mean?" ◉

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All the above reasons plus a crucial addition: They haven't *had* homes. There are, to be sure, a lot of exceptions; but a high proportion of students at any upper-middle-class American university during the past 20 years lived in many places by the end of adolescence. Even now, maybe too deeply rooted myself, I forget and often ask a student, "Where did you grow up?" Their first reaction is generally surprise that someone cares enough to ask (odd and antique of me); then they recite me a litany of places—"Well, Cleveland, then White Plains, then Guam for two years, the Philippines for three; then back to Ohio—Shaker Heights, but I don't plan to live there." What they've had is a series of more or less prolonged tourist stops in a series of houses (called "homes" by realtors) in which they never paused long enough for emotional adhesion and which they'll never visit again—often *couldn't* revisit, given our propensity for razing whole neighborhoods every few years. So I was wrong to call their itinerary a litany. A litany is a prayer; in Greek *litanos* meant "suppliant." A litany of places would be of sacred places. What makes a visible, tangible place become sacred for us?

"It's our ingrained American restlessness, unique in the world for geographical scope and endurance, that demands we nurse the idea of home as icon and amulet."

In the founding text of our civilization—the Hebrew-Christian Bible—a spot is sacred forever after if God or an angel has deigned to touch it.

> It happened when Joshua was beside Jericho—he raised his eyes, looked and, look, a man stood opposite him with his drawn sword in his hand. Joshua went to him and said to him, "Are you for us or our enemies?"
>
> He said, "No. I'm come as captain of the host of Yahweh."
>
> Joshua fell on his face to the earth, bowed and said to him, "What does my lord say to his slave?"
>
> The captain of Yahweh's host said to Joshua, "Take your shoe off your foot. The place you stand on is holy."
>
> Joshua did.

But only the Indians and Mormons contend that America received such visits. For most of us the chance of hallowing a place is through human means; the site of intense and/or prolonged human feeling becomes special for us. *Nostalgic* is not *sacred*, however; and the apparently bottomless nostalgia of Americans for a past that often never was (witness the recent mob fantasies of the Bicentennial) only half conceals our national puzzlement at lacking both central and local shrines—temples and homes.

Ancient Roman law contained an observation that is relevant here—"Every person makes the place that belongs to him a religious place by the carrying of his dead into it." Since it was forbidden to bury a body within the walls of Rome, cemeteries were just outside; the "religious place," then, cannot refer to a citizen's house but must refer to the region of his city—his *patria*, fatherland (which surely means "land of my father," not "land that fathered me"). The dwelling places of the makers of our culture—Jews and Romans—were made into *homes* by the presence, over sizable reaches of time, of spirits—transcendent gods or the souls of dead parents, who were either loved in life and memory or feared in death.

Does such a conviction suggest that hometowns—real *homes*; not the sites, however smiling, of our commerce, pleasure, and reproduction—are possible only for a people convinced of man's immortality? It very well may; the proposition *Are secular homes a contradiction in terms?* would be worth examining. But is there an essence in the old idea that survives theology and can offer us some grounding in a rootless time?

I believe that there is, but it's neither an easy nor comforting essence—individual homes and, around them, the sense of hometown and homeland require long stretches of human time and relative stasis in a circumscribed place. The classic, and continuing, American dream that home is where we hang our hats, that generation after generation of strong and satisfactory children can be raised in a series of widely separated camps—that dream is false and has maimed us near the absolute center of our complex lives; lives as single human beings, as candidates for marriage and parenthood, as citizens of towns and the larger nation, and as souls who crave immortality (if only genetic and geographic). A home is made by the homeless, or veterans of previous homes, when two or more generations of a blood-related family have occupied a dwelling in a single place or several dwellings in a narrowly circumscribed region. Why the requirements on time and stability? Because a safe and rewarding home can only be built around a nucleus of sane and realistic people who have a keen sense of their own possibilities, as those possibilities are foretold and restricted by the visible successes and failures of genetic ancestors. The luxury of such prolonged human observation and deduction is only available when the nucleus stays together, and that is most practical within a single place. Long association with one homeplace has the further great advantage of permitting a person to measure his own transitory life against the permanent cycles of nonhuman nature or the man-made monuments of towns and cities (though the physical shapes of American cities in this century have proved disastrously shorter lived than their occupants).

SURELY I'M WRONG—or if not, then I'm baying at a moon so distant as to be beyond any hope of recall. There are strong objections to all I've said. To state only four of the strongest, I might be answered thus:

1. You talk as though family and homeplace were archetypal human institutions, natural and indeed indispensable to the species. But in fact both the much lamented extended family and the settled homeplace are relatively new inventions, like romantic love. Settled homes—either houses or towns—were by no means the rule in most of the world before the Middle Ages; they're still rare in many countries. The family—as extolled, execrated, longed for—is a late bourgeois development, the inevitable product of a settled rural-urban life and of the increases in human life-span achieved by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century medicine. Before the late eighteenth century, families functioned chiefly as means for the protection of a husband and wife, who could hardly live past forty, and as a brief nursery for whatever children survived the perils of infancy before they were launched in early adolescence on their own separate lives.

2. Far from being a curse, the American dream of freedom

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from blood and provincial ties has proved our greatest discovery—or rediscovery. For the American Revolution, in the broadest sense, was a refusal to accept the new bourgeois pieties of an *arriviste* Europe—the "bucket of ashes" of nationalism and paternalistic rule. And what the permanent revolution of modern American society continues to affirm is the ancient truth that happiness is best pursued by units of two human beings, briefly burdened with young, who move in response to their changing needs.

3. How can you as a writer inveigh against a way of life that has fostered a large proportion of the best American fiction and poetry of the past century—James, Eliot, Pound, Stein, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, plus the subsequent legion of provincials who have worked and won fame in our own brands of exile (New York, San Francisco, or the circuit of universities)?

4. Why should you—a bachelor—think that your opinions on home and family carry any more authority than those of the clutch of Italian and Irish bachelors who try to run the sex lives of numerous millions?

"If we stay at home, we acknowledge a past that as one of its functions has given birth to us; and worse, we see that past die before us—our parents age, sicken, dissolve in pain."

I hope my riposte to such objections is already implicit. If extended families and homes are new (but our oldest texts are based on them—the Old Testament, Homer, the Greek tragedians: all obsessed with blood and place), then they are among man's few improvements on nature and should not have been radically revised so soon. Most things described as *freedom* prove to have been only *short escapes*; and however much I admire the work of most of the famous exiles, I can't help believing that they all severely crippled themselves—in breadth of vision, depth of feeling—by abandoning the only places and people they stood some chance of comprehending.

The fourth question, though condescending, is especially strong. I could try to dismiss it by retorting, with my friend George Williams (the happily married father of three), "No one but a bachelor knows how to rear children, and they forget once they're married." But I could start at least on a serious answer to this, and all other relevant questions, by speaking in some detail of the homeplace I've known. Like most of the world's living population, I definitely had one, and have it still.

IN FACT, I have two. I was born in 1933 in the rambling, one-story, wide-porched, oak-shaded house built by John Rodwell, my mother's father, just after his marriage in 1884. The same house had sheltered the births and rearing of his seven children (one died in infancy). He and my grandmother both died in it well before my birth; and his second daughter then reared my mother, who was orphaned at fourteen. The house was in Macon, North Carolina—a collection of some 200 farmers and merchants, white and black, five miles from Warrenton, the seat of Warren County.

Warrenton was my father's home. His parents—Edward Price and Lula McCraw—lived with their six children in a two-story house, the core of which was eighteenth century, on the north edge of that architecturally distinguished town of about a thousand people, once an important political and social center of the state but becalmed after the Civil War into the immemorial doze of small commerce, tobacco and cotton marketing, and intense reconnaissance of one's neighbors: the life of a thousand other such towns.

Both families were solidly middle class—Grandfather Rodwell was Macon station agent for the Seaboard Railroad, Grandfather Price a courthouse clerk. Both had been in the county since at least my great-grandparents' generation and, before, had lived in adjacent counties—all within a hundred miles of their port of entry into southern Virginia.

My parents spent their childhood and youth in Warren County, never going farther than Norfolk or Savannah—short visits to kin. Their long courtship was conducted on the county's backroads, by its creeks and ponds, in the homes of kin and lifelong friends. Though they were married from my mother's brother's home in Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1927, they first lived together in a rented house in Macon, a few yards from my mother's birthplace (my mother's best friend's brother had killed himself on the porch of the house a little while before). And they lived on there, changing houses several times through the difficult first years of marriage. In response to Depression anxieties, his demanding mother five miles away, and pressed by my own orphaned mother's fear of abandonment, my father drank a good deal and earned almost nothing—an unforeseeable misery, though neither family had lacked the occasional premonitory drinker. Still they held on—helped by family loans of money, homegrown food, and sometimes rooms—through five rough years. In 1932, as the slow curve of the crash was nearing bottom, my father got a job selling insurance in the nearest larger town—Henderson, 15 miles away—where they lived with a distant cousin. Maybe on the strength of that small injection of hope and change, they started a baby. On January 31, 1933—the absolute bottom—the baby announced its imminence; they drove to Macon to Mother's home and called Father's childhood friend, Dr. Frank Hunter. After an agonized, dangerous night in which my father made a silent vow to reform, the baby appeared—me, battered but heavy (nine and one half pounds)—in the room where my mother had survived her own childhood, a few steps from where she herself had seen day and her own parents had died; home, a magnet grounded in a single place for 50 years, powered by a relay of actual lives: lives known and honored, repellent and adhesive, loved and resisted.

We stayed nearby—rooms in Henderson, Macon, Warrenton—for another two years as my father struggled to fulfill his vow while selling insurance to the handful of locals who had money left. Then he got a better chance, selling electrical appliances; and we moved 50 miles away to Roxboro, a town a little larger than Warrenton, with textile mills, but with a similar atmosphere, minus visible kin.

Over such a short space, the kin continued to exert their attraction. Three letters to my father from his mother survive from those first years away. Her locally famous wit and beauty are burned off them by the heat of her age and sickness, the disappearance from her house of all her men (her husband was dead, her other sons had moved to Tennessee); and what remains is the unmitigated demand for solace, the

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confidence of a right to unaltered love. All are headed simply "Home" and the day of the week:

I was never so hurt in my life as I was when the whole week passed and not a word a line nor a sight of you.... I can't tell you how glad I was to see you Sunday I just couldn't express myself. ... I am still without [toe pads] and want you to see to my getting some at once.

No wonder he moved us farther west, a hundred miles—to Asheboro, a lively, two-class textile town. A "promotion" to be sure, which he couldn't refuse after 10 years of want, especially now that his drinking was over and he and my mother were settling happily into the 18 unclouded years they would get before his death.

Still, neither of them questioned that *home* was *hometown*—the two hometowns, two houses, two people: his mother and the sister who'd reared my mother (plus the gang of other kin, all as hungry for laughter as my young parents, in a place and time where laughter mainly required live comedians—family jokers—on your own front porch). At our farthest remove, there was seldom a month when they didn't pack me, and in time my brother, into whatever Pontiac we could then afford and head for home—two days of talk and fun among those who had known us all our lives and would know us to the end, one of whom could be counted on to answer when called (whatever the need), all of whom loved us because we *existed*, not for what we had done or promised to do. (It would be sentimental to conceal that *home* also meant, quite properly, continuous bounty—vegetables, hams, perfect preserves. We once sent my mother's sister a wire—"Planning to get there in time for supper." The notoriously erroneous station agent in Macon received it as "in time for supplies"—"More truth than poetry," Mother said.)

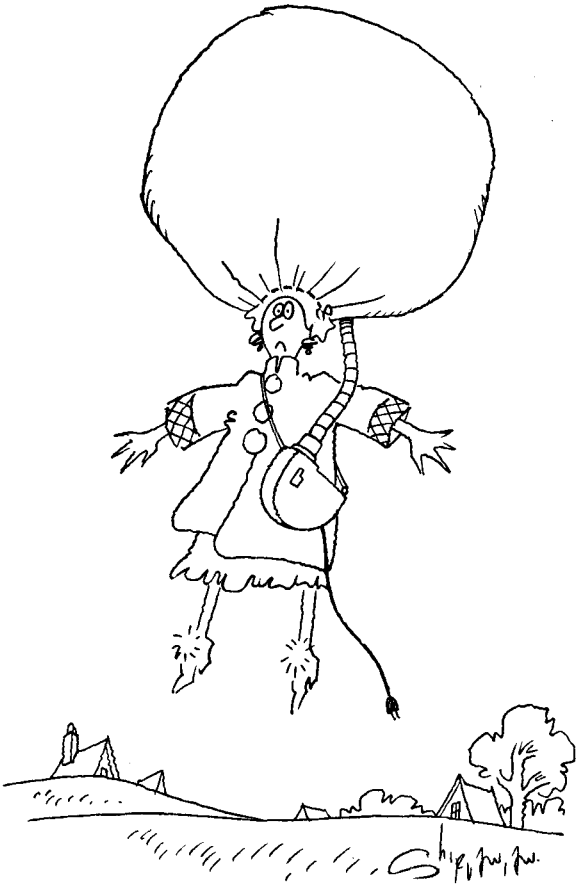
I trust it's clear that I shared their feeling. Home for me then was Macon—the house and specifically Mother's sister Ida in it. She served for me all the functions of an ideal grandmother—unquestioned love and generosity, without the riptides of parental love—and looking back now, I can guess that I served a similar need of hers. Her own sons were grown; she had suffered severe menopausal depression just before I was born. I was trusting and ready to take what she gave, give what I had. From the age of five, I would spend two weeks with her each summer. While her husband was overseeing farms and timber, she and I would sit in the green porch swing (she scratching my head) and rehearse the past—always the family past, which already held me. And with appropriate changes, that bond lasted all her life. She died when I was thirty-two; and years before, her daily love had settled on one of her young grandsons; but she and I maintained to the end the unbroken grace of flawless lovers. She never failed me—and may be the one person I never failed.

In Asheboro we shifted restlessly. In seven years there we lived in five places—four rented, one built by us to be ours but lost on a mortgage in 1941. I (a leaden soul) don't remember minding the moves at all, though it's hard now to explain them. With the exception of the house we tried to own, we lived in pleasant middle-class apartments and one nice house—no discernible social climb or fall. I can guess that my mother's bouts of the blues (this side of melancholia) required, and briefly responded to, change; but the fact that mattered was *We had a home. We could camp out at will, May dancers at the ends of pole-anchored strings. Someday our circling would gather us in.*

After 10 years it did. Father was offered a still better job, traveling eastern Carolina. Warrenton would make him an ideal base. He looked to the move with nearly fervent hope—his mother was dead but his sisters were there; so was my mother's larger family, to whom he was devoted, and his boyhood friends (mid-fortyish by then); and so was the place itself, hardly changed to the eye. My mother was a little less enthusiastic—vividly gregarious, she had her own life of friends in Asheboro, plus some reluctance to be grounded that near the brainy, keen wit of her in-laws. I was appalled. At age eleven I was only just emerging from a solitary childhood into friendships, games, cub scouting, school success—the great American pre-adolescent barn dance. Weighed against the prospect of my first conscious uprooting, the thought of being five miles from Aunt Ida seemed negligible to me; we had nothing to prove by proximity. My brother at three was too young to care. So I mounted a dog-in-manger campaign while my father decided. He decided to go.

It failed for us all. Not pure failure—there were happy days—but the unchanged appearance of the town was illusory. Father's friends were long since sunk in their own lives—home, work, in-laws: and there were very few lazy evenings at the eternal drugstore. Worse, both his family and Mother's naturally turned out to be more abrasive in steady contact than in weekend visits. And the town children rose almost as a body to reject the antigen of me. We stuck it out three years—in a hotel apartment and a rented house—then Father was promoted to department head and transferred to Raleigh, 60 miles away.

We were happiest there, free again for visits home but free *of* home. In our own ample house on a friendly street, Father



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well paid at last, Mother busy with a new set of neighbors, my brother and I content in our schools, we had a nice run of Indian summer—seven years, barely disturbed. In the midst of that, Father made a solemn gesture to confirm our happiness. He bought a grave plot in a Raleigh cemetery, space for four exactly. For him, a great visitor of his parents' graves, to commit himself to lying all those miles from them was—I see now—the emblem of a deep change of heart in him, of his own mature intention and hope. *Home would be here now.* Then he died of lung cancer—1954, fifty-four years old.

I was twenty-one—a junior at Duke University, half an hour away but gone for good, I knew, for a good American reason: the pursuit of freedom. Mother was forty-nine, my brother thirteen. They stayed in place through the pain of adjustment while I spent three far more amusing years of graduate study and writing in Europe. Yet however much I relished my distance throughout those years, however much filling out (or stunting) I accomplished in a new unfiltered light, I never really thought of not returning—returning like my parents: *near* but not *there*. When I finished my graduate degree, my old university offered me a job; and I came back to Durham, where I'd spent four good undergraduate years—60 miles from my hometown, 20 miles from my mother and brother in Raleigh in the one house we'd all been happy in.

I've been here ever since, 19 years this fall, in a good country house in landscape very much like my home county—pine woods, gentle hills, wide hazy pastures, small brown bottomless ponds. The place I love most, in which I can work and rest from work; a place I call home, though I know it isn't.

Father was wrong, for me anyhow. His grave was in Raleigh for memorial visits and, much too soon, Mother's beside him; mine will probably be there. But the likable town has no deep resonance for me. When Mother died and we emptied and sold the good house, I was thirty-two. I experienced the vanishing of the older generation mostly as a dread of *homelessness*, an experience that many people with their own children about them have shared. Much as I loved my own house in Durham, it was *that*—a lovable house but hardly a "religious place" containing my dead. And Warren County was too tender with memory for comfortable visits. A scary time, recorded metaphorically in a novel of mine called *Love and Work*.

Work and friends got me past it. Through the writing—*Love and Work*, *Permanent Errors*, *The Surface of Earth*—I've transferred my dead here into my house in the ways that matter for me. My brother has returned from the Navy and his own graduate study to Raleigh—not our old side of town—and his family there is happily my family. In his two daughters, whom our parents never saw, I see clear glimpses of our parents' old sober joy in kin and home.

But *home* is Warren County still—for me, now that the tenderness has passed. Aunt Ida is dead, the Rodwell house is rented to a family friend; I haven't been in it for 12 years. My younger cousins have moved away. Integration has altered many old rhythms—some that were bad but some slow and attentive, productive of a broad, deep compatibility. A small but ambitious franchise belt has begun to close its ring; the overblown new attempts at "old" houses sit gracelessly beside originals; the ladies' clubs have taken to some brands of beautification which are hardly that (nothing new there though—in 1900 a cousin of mine said, "Hogs, honeysuckle, and women have *taken* Macon"). Many of the landmarks remind me as much of adolescent woe as of happiness. Let me see it, however—as I do twice a year—and home it is, despite the fact that I know very little in detail about its life in the last 30 years.

It knows me though, in the chief ways that seem by now to matter or help. It knows because for nearly 200 years it has held in close quarters and watched closely most of the elements from which I was made—the runlets of physical life coming downward into wider streams, the literal blocks of heredity from which our lives are built like walls: good or bad but endless.

To state that more firmly—I can go there now (an hour's drive) and visit at either end of town two of the three survivors of my parents' blood generation: Mother's nearest sister Alice, Father's nearest sister Lulie. Both are not far from eighty; both live alone, their children at a distance; both have had serious illnesses lately. Yet they welcome me with a cheerful vitality rarely seen now in children; and once we have got through a brief warm-up ("How is so-and-so?"), they respond to my curiosity about their lives and the lives behind them in a generous rush of clear memory, wit, understanding, relief, and urgency.

Their relief lies in the fact that I care (though I'm not the only one); that all those great heads of human energy generated in their sight and hearing will not merely drift into space and oblivion, not yet. Their urgency lies in their knowing that it all matters—the shapes they can now see in what was once splendid and painful tangle, shapes that they know are both satisfying in themselves (symmetrical, diverting) and instructive.

What's to be learned of course is *Who I am.* Not simply that I'm a Price, a Rodwell, a McCraw, White, Egerton, Reynolds, Bondurant, Solomon, that a sixth great-grandfather was the Huguenot emigrant Matthieu Agee (whom I share with James Agee)—though the litany of names itself is consoling, I could find it in the State Library. The vital addition is the stories that go with the names, the hundreds of stories that are (know them or not) the cards in my hand, to play or misplay or shuffle at will but never to discard. And from the stories, when they're dealt out before me in the voices of women who saw them and understand them now, comes a single smiling unanswerable voice: *You have your own story but you make it from ours. We are all you know, give or take the odd external fact, the odd external pressure to bend.* You *are all* we *know. We worked, in what seemed the urgent light of our earthly days, to have our own lives and to know them clearly, when what we were really straining toward, blind as moles, was the chance that you and your generation would use us well, see us whole; that beyond you—endless stages past you—our story, stripped of even our names and yours, would state itself plainly: Life in the singular creature Man achieved its summit in stable centers of the earth called* homes. *There, groups of blood kin gathered for protection, love, and continuance. Also for punishment, cruelty, greed. But no other form of life was found possible by which significant numbers of the species avoided monstrosity or desolation.*

The voice says also, *Promise us to keep this story true, so our own laughing tragedies shall not have been vain.*

Any home-reared child, with whatever enormous reluctances, will make them the promise—hoping in his own turn to hear it, at home. ◉

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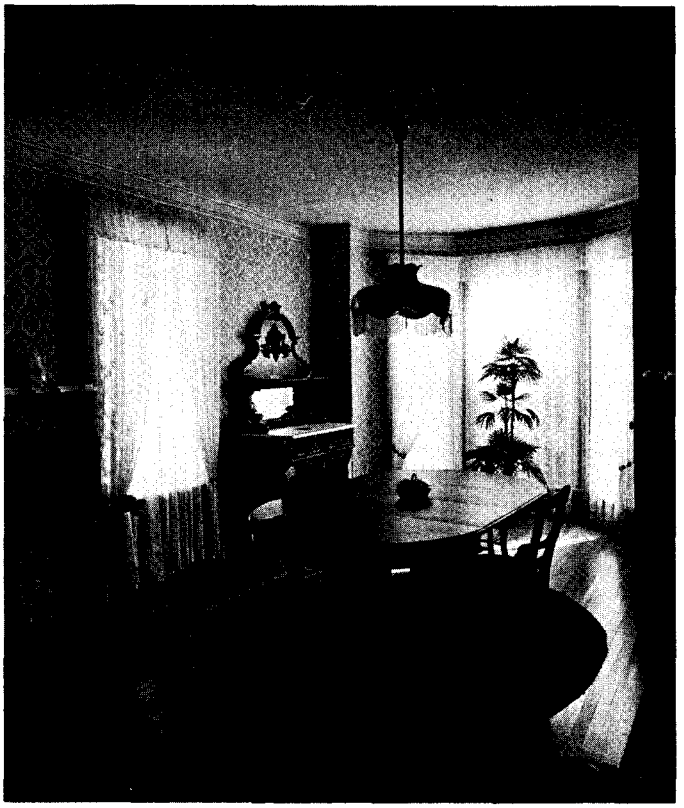
Marion, Iowa: A Hometown Scrapbook

Nestled away in the low, rolling hills of northeast Iowa, the 18,000 people of Marion suffer steamy hot summers and bitter cold winters. Many of them commute to nearby Cedar Rapids to work in a food-processing factory. Others remain closer to home. Fraternal groups and churches provide, as they do most everywhere, both spiritual and social sustenance. The only movie house has gone XXX. No one remotely famous has ever slept here. As with most small towns, nothing much happens. Older residents do recall with some fondness, however, the legendary Cherry Sisters, a turn-of-the-century vaudeville group from Marion that was so inept that audiences across the country turned out in droves for the sheer pleasure of throwing rotten vegetables at them. The photos of Marion on the pages that follow were taken by graduate students at the University of Iowa.



Jim Jones

Robert Sulkin

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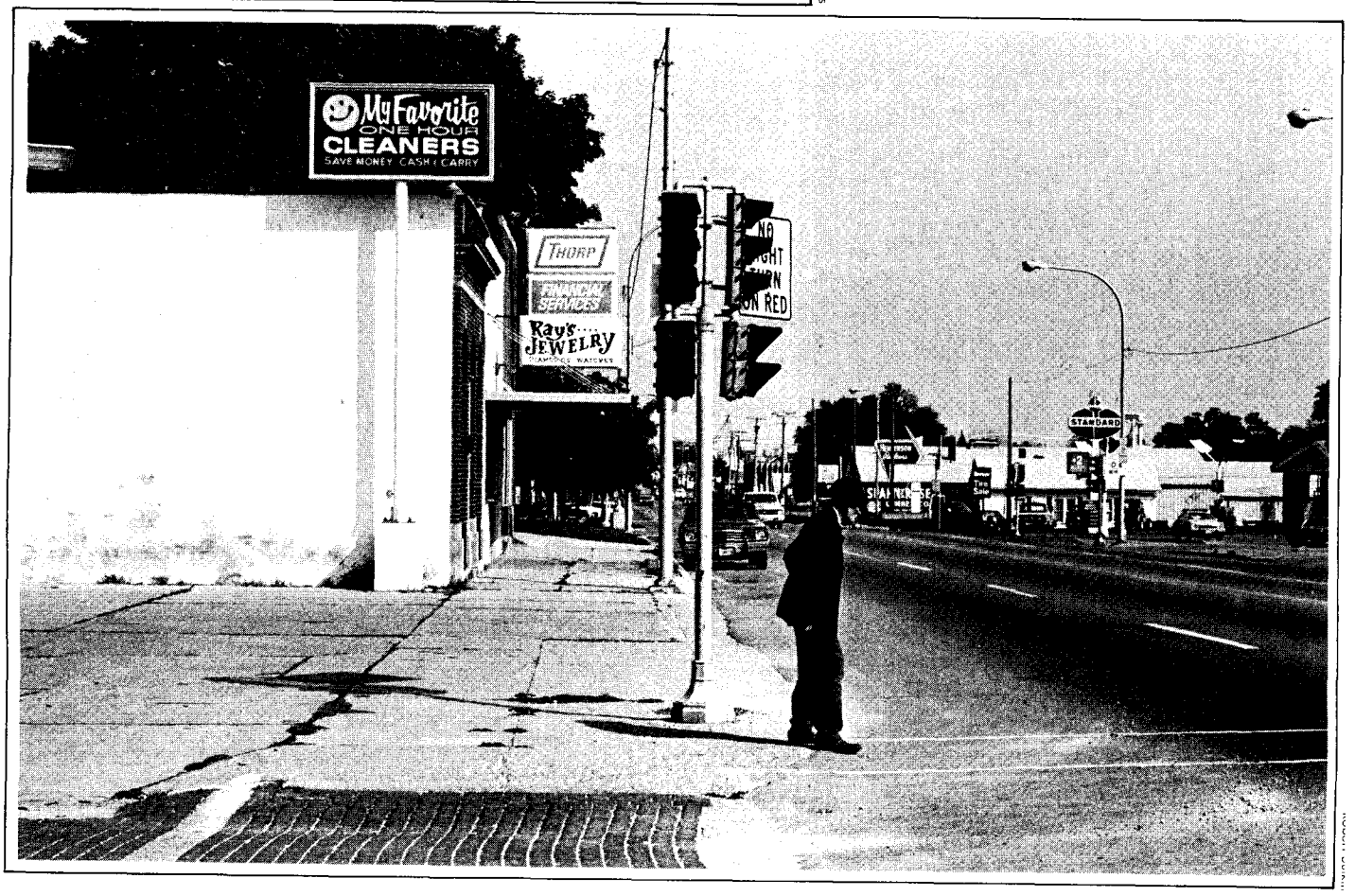
Jim Jones

Michael Mejia

Marion, Iowa: A Hometown Scrapbook



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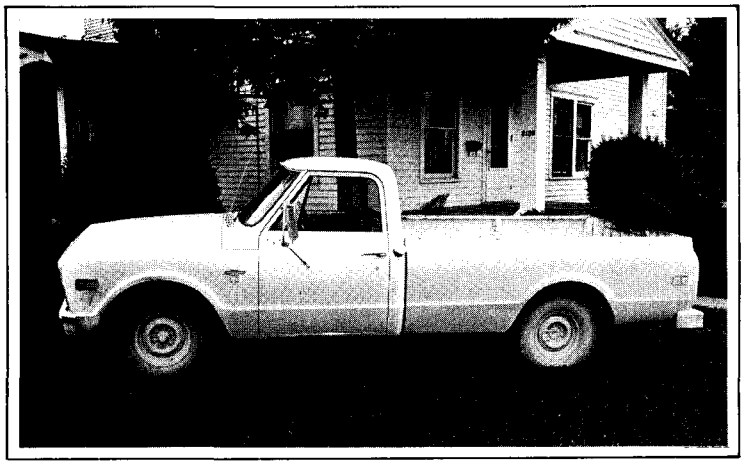
Bud Brooks

Michael Mejia



Bud Brooks

Robert Sukin

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Me and Mamie O'Rorke

by Horace Sutton

IN THE shortening days of fall, the lights came on early in the blockfront of stores that ran from Eighty-seventh to Eighty-eighth streets on Madison Avenue, in the very center of Manhattan, where I lived. For all purposes, though I didn't think of it that way then, that block was the main street of my town. I knew every store and every merchant on my side of the street, from the drugstore with its soda fountain on the corner of Eighty-seventh to the outpost of the Schrafft's chain, which, when it first came to the neighborhood, anchored the west end of Eighty-eighth Street, the northern mercantile limit of my house.

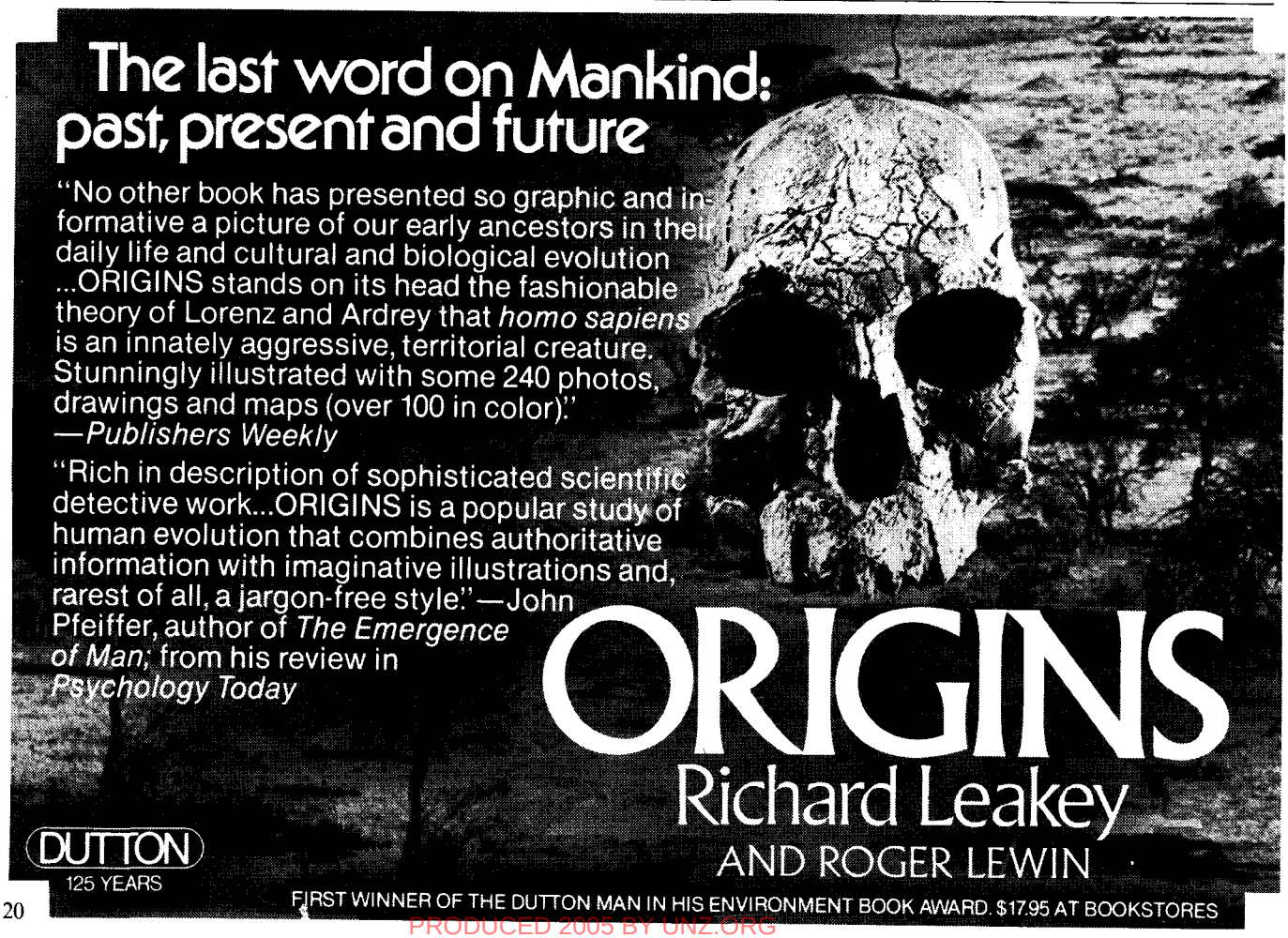
The drugstore was important because you could stop there and get a glass of water when you were parched after a game of punchball (like baseball but you use your fist for a bat) or Chinese handball (the ball hits the sidewalk first, then the wall). When festive occasion demanded, and you had 15 cents, you could order an ice-cream soda. Schrafft's, on the other end, had sodas, too, but it was exotic for other reasons. A motorcycle courier would deliver Dry Ice and if you were outside and conditions were favorable, the driver would often toss a piece to the kids on the sidewalk. Milk still came in bottles then, and you'd find an empty one, fill it with water, and drop in the Dry Ice. I never quite understood the chemical reaction that took place, but the water gurgled in energetic turbulence and plumes of steam poured impressively from the bottle. Those early experiments in high science had an infinite influence on later life. For initiation into a fraternity at college, I was required to produce a bucket of steam. Cinchy. My fidelity to Schrafft's has remained constant to this day. When I see its label in the ice-cream bin at the supermarket, I am encountering a face I have known and admired.

The stores, like Schrafft's, occupied the street level of the apartment house where I lived, and many had telephone connections through a switchboard in the lobby with the apartments upstairs. Telephoned orders were a service for apartment dwellers. Hall's would deliver groceries, and standing orders were left with Cushman's, which delivered rolls each morning (back door, with the milk), and with Applebaum and Grossman's, the stationers, which delivered the newspaper morning and evening (front door, with the mail).

Personal visits were more rewarding for a young boy, especially to the grocery where Mr. Hall cut the butter (sticking the knife, still quivering, in the tub in which the butter came) and fished pickles from a barrel on the sawdust-sprinkled floor.

As I survey them now, the Halls, father and son, seemed out of place in New York. They were country people and were more like the villagers I came to know when I was swept off the city streets each summer and sent to camp in Maine. Surely, they were another breed from the Italian hurdy-gurdy grinder, with his curly moustache and his ever present smile and doffed hat, who came to play for the shoppers on Madison Avenue, the wheels of his cart often getting in the way when we were playing marbles in the gutter. Country Anglo-Saxons somehow displaced into the vortex of the giant city, the Halls were different, too, from either Applebaum or Grossman, who as partners maintained the adjacent store.

Harold Applebaum—why do I remember his name after a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cascade of years?—was more attractive than his partner. He was well spoken and affable in counterpoint to Grossman, who wore a moustache as heavy as his middle-European accent. His nose came down to invade the territory already claimed by the brush that grew on his upper lip, so that he seemed ever to be inhaling an odor that offended him. Perhaps it was not a circumstance of physiognomy at all, but the effluent of small boys sweaty from playing in the street.

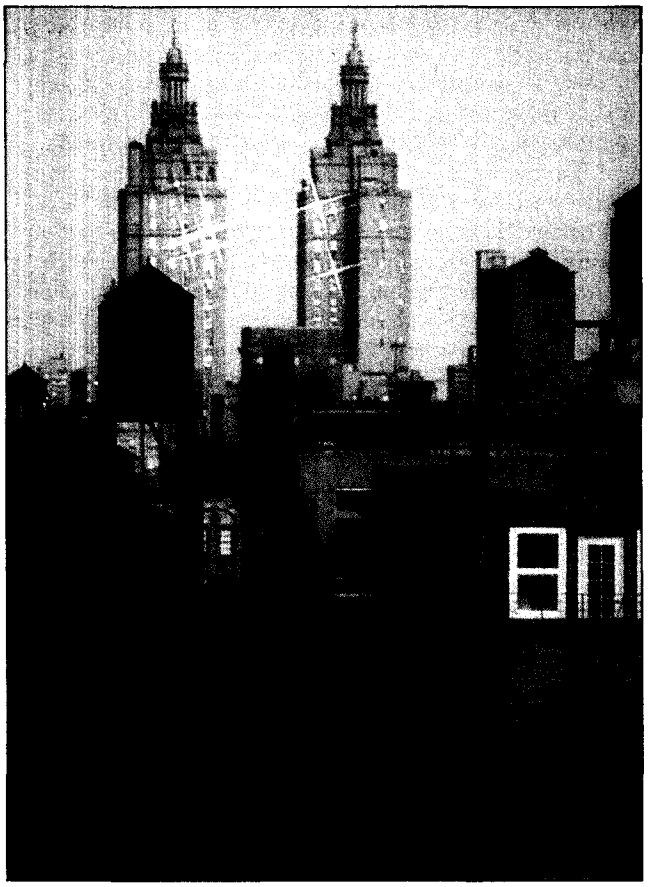
Applebaum and Grossman's was the sports center of my hometown, the Spalding's of that block on the upper East Side. They sold rubber balls for handball, batted against the concrete walls of apartment houses other than your own, darts to be flung against the wooden wall on Eighty-eighth before the brick mansion went up, marbles to be rolled outdoors on the streets and indoors on carpets, checkers to be weighted and flipped in endless variations of games against sides of buildings or close to lines in the sidewalk.

In the years when I emerged as artisan and merchant, they sold toy soldiers, which I made in endless supply, melting the lead bought at the plumber's, pouring it into molds bought by mail from some wonderland in Racine, Wisconsin, whose catalog had fallen into my hands. As I grew more artful and ambitious, and ultimately more enterprising, I painted the soldiers to resemble those my mother had brought me from France, sewed them into boxes and presented them for sale, at wholesale, to Applebaum. He offered to take them on consignment, an arrangement I had to take time to consider since I didn't know what consignment meant. When I agreed, he accepted my products. They rested in splendor in his glass case—though they never made it into the front window—until they were bought by my aunt, who lived across the street. A second aunt, who lived with us for a while, permitted me to sell my artisanry to her gentlemen suitors, but that outlet ended when she married and ultimately chose an apartment a block south of ours.

School was only a block away, a public school that was considered the best that the New York Board of Education could produce, since it was in what was referred to as, especially at election time, the Silk Stocking District. Matrons who were domiciled in the apartment houses surely wore silk stockings, but there was nothing especially selective about the school. The progeny from the apartment houses mixed with the kids who came from east of Third Avenue and even from Yorkville, a district inhabited by German-Americans who lived in what was for us a foreign land of cafés, wurst houses, sweetshops that sold marzipan, and people who spoke a foreign tongue.

The Yorkville and the Third Avenue kids went home, as we did, for lunch—an arrangement that allowed me, as I turned pubescent, to look out the front window of our third-floor apartment until the girl in whom I held a deep interest approached from her apartment house north of mine. Then I would push the elevator button, race through the long main hall, take the eight front steps in a leap, and nonchalantly stroll out onto the avenue for a chance meeting. It is likely she held in her hand, as I did in mine, two cents or three to buy a paper cup of ices from the Italian vendor who waited by the school gate. Could life have been more beautiful?

On Thursday nights, when by New York tradition maids are off duty—or in the idiom, are "out"—the family would march in procession down Madison Avenue to Longchamps, a restaurant between Seventy-ninth and Seventy-eighth streets. Eight blocks from home, it was an expedition only to



Michael Skott

be topped by occasional visits to the theater on Broadway, by rides on the open double-decker Fifth Avenue bus, and by the end-of-June procession to Grand Central Station to catch the camp train.

My hometown, if that's what it was, had its own borders. I played in the lot on Eighty-ninth Street where they were eventually to build the Guggenheim Museum. Long years before they did that, the lot held the cellar remnants of private mansions over whose foundations we leaped and in whose subterranean chambers we held meetings of our club, open only to those accepted by the membership.

For all my purposes, the southern limit was Eighty-sixth Street, where I descended to the barbershop in the basement of the Croydon Hotel, clutching 75 cents—60 cents for the haircut and 15 cents for the tip. Eastward lay the movies—RKO's 86th Street, which also featured Arlo at the organ (follow the bouncing ball), and Loew's Orpheum, which held on to the last dimming days of vaudeville. The most compelling of pictures lured us into The Garden, a movie theater of lesser repute that drew a questionable clientele and was known among us as "The Smelly."

The epicenter of life was really that giant apartment house, for it stood at the crossroads of my hometown. In the front rooms of that third-floor apartment, set aside as parlor (though it was also called the living room) and adjoining dining room, one could look out the window and watch the trolley cars and the flow of life. The bedrooms were in back, but the windows offered the most fascinating aspect of neighborhood life. There the knife sharpener came with his wheel and treadle, there the old-clothes buyer wearing six or seven felt hats haunted the courtyard singing "I cash! I cash!"

It was a sign that Christmas was approaching when the German band came over from Yorkville, that other

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sovereignty, to play "O Tannenbaum" and other seasonal melodies adaptable to the tuba and cornet. We would wrap coins in paper so they wouldn't scatter when they hit the cement, a touch of etiquette one was taught to extend to street bands, to whom we were to toss coins of yule appreciation.

And then would come the magical morning when you awoke to hear the shovels scraping on the concrete three stories below. The rasp was unmistakable. You knew then it had snowed in the night, and you raised a head to look for the rim of white you knew would be resting on the sill of the open window. That would be the end of handball and punchball and roller-skating and checkers for a while. But it would be the beginning of snow-fort building, for when the sanitation trucks arrived they pushed great boulders of snow, a block-long collection shoveled into a mammoth pile and deposited, as like as not, just across from the door of your house.

It will perplex those who rocket the slopes of Baldy and Killington to know that when skis became popular, my mother bought two pairs, and one blizzardy night when she had returned from her office, we put them on while standing under the canopy of the apartment house where we lived. Then she showed me how to glide and we moved down the street to Fifth Avenue and were soon whistling down the alps of Central Park by the light of streetlamps. Learning how to bring off a geländesprung in the night shadow of the Metropolitan Museum of Art may seem rather arch to some folks, but where I grew up we were blessed with a mix of sports and culture that few hometowns could match. ◉

A Hometown in Britain

by Laurence Halley

NEW SARUM to our ancestors. Barchester to Trollope; Melchester to Hardy. The district of Salisbury today.

From the train it could be anywhere in southern England. Manicured gardens stroke by; rose trellises; rabbit hutches. Then the well-kept car park behind the well-kept supermarket. As the train decelerates, only the spire of the cathedral, soaring 400 feet above the roofs, tells you that you are in one of the great historic towns of Europe.

Our town begins in the station yard on Friday evenings. Fresh country faces greet pale London faces at the barrier. Kisses are exchanged, car doors slam. On the way home we stop at the Royal Oak. Tepid English beer, soft country accents talking of the crops, the weather. We walk the last hundred yards along the river. Izaak Walton called it the third trout stream of England. Local pride, of course, considers it the first. On summer nights a white owl swoops over the stream. This is owl country, the vast fields of pasture and barley providing inexhaustible living forage. All night we hear the creak of wings as the swans rise, heavy, disproportionate as World War II bombers.

Saturday is market day, when wise motorists avoid the center. The authorities have done their best, but the streets prove as inflexible as medieval armor. There are compensations for the patient: cheap plants for the garden, the beery good fellowship of the stall holders. But it is easier to shop in Wilton, 300 yards from Inigo Jones's renaissance palace, built in the early seventeenth century on an estate the Herbert family has owned since Henry VIII. The butchers—combined age a couple of centuries—wear straw boaters like Edwardian dandies. They doubtless were.

There are usually visitors for lunch on Saturdays, people to whom we can show off our town afterward. We avoid the small industrial estate and the thin ribbon of suburbia stretching out to Wilton. In the cathedral close, we read them our architectural history from the Early English of the thirteenth century to the pretty fancies of the Gothic Revival. We show them the house where Fielding, it is said, wrote *Tom Jones*; the house where Handel gave his first English concert. We take them under the massive arches of the old deanery through the lupines and the goldenrod to the river Avon. Turning back, we show them the cathedral from the angle Constable painted it—under lowering clouds and the rainbow of redemption.

Saturday evenings are for friends. A neighbor has two pianos, and another, a retired engineer, has a collection of works for four hands. Our Bach is quite tolerable, even our Mozart. One day we might conquer Brahms. Afterward the talk is of golden evenings at the Queen's Hall in London before it was laid flat by German bombs. My partner remembers Orwell at school—a thin, untidy schoolboy not much different from the rest. We walk back through the orchard, keeping an eye out for the gander, irascible as Donald Duck.

Sundays are for the garden. The rector deplores the decline in churchgoing, but I hope eventually to qualify for burial in his churchyard, as near as possible to Chipperfield, the legendary circus magnate. In his time the circus people used to take over the Royal Oak in the winters, adding a touch of exotic, raffish glamour to slow country lives.

New Sarum, to distinguish it from Old Sarum, abandoned 700 years ago. The cathedral was 400 years old before there was a Main Street in America. Wilton is older; it was capital of Wessex before the Conquest. Eight miles to the north stands Stonehenge, last reconstructed 3,000 years ago when the trade routes from the eastern Mediterranean to the Welsh gold mines passed close by. One of the huge stones is incised with the dagger and the double-headed ax of the House of Minos, king of Crete. On the hill above our house are the earthworks of a Stone Age village existing a thousand years before that. Walking up there on a Sunday afternoon in June you can pick 33 different varieties of wild flowers.

Like the rest of humanity, our concerns are of today, our scale personal. Here as elsewhere, the kids hang out at the disco, and skin flicks play at one of the cinemas. But our lives are defined subliminally by the vast historical context in which we live. Perhaps this explains that maddening refusal of my neighbors to panic when things go wrong, their skepticism when, as now, things begin to improve. There have been hard times, and good times, before.

We have no Thanksgiving, at least as Main Street understands the term. Instead we carry an oak bough through the west door of our cathedral on Oak Apple Day in May and place it, with a great shout, on the High Altar. ◉

Laurence Halley is the pen name of the director general of the British Information Services, New York. His novel Simultaneous Equations *is to be published shortly by St. Martin's Press.*

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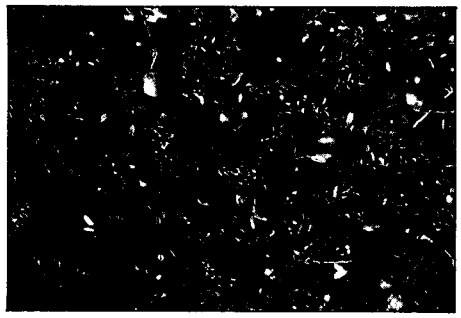
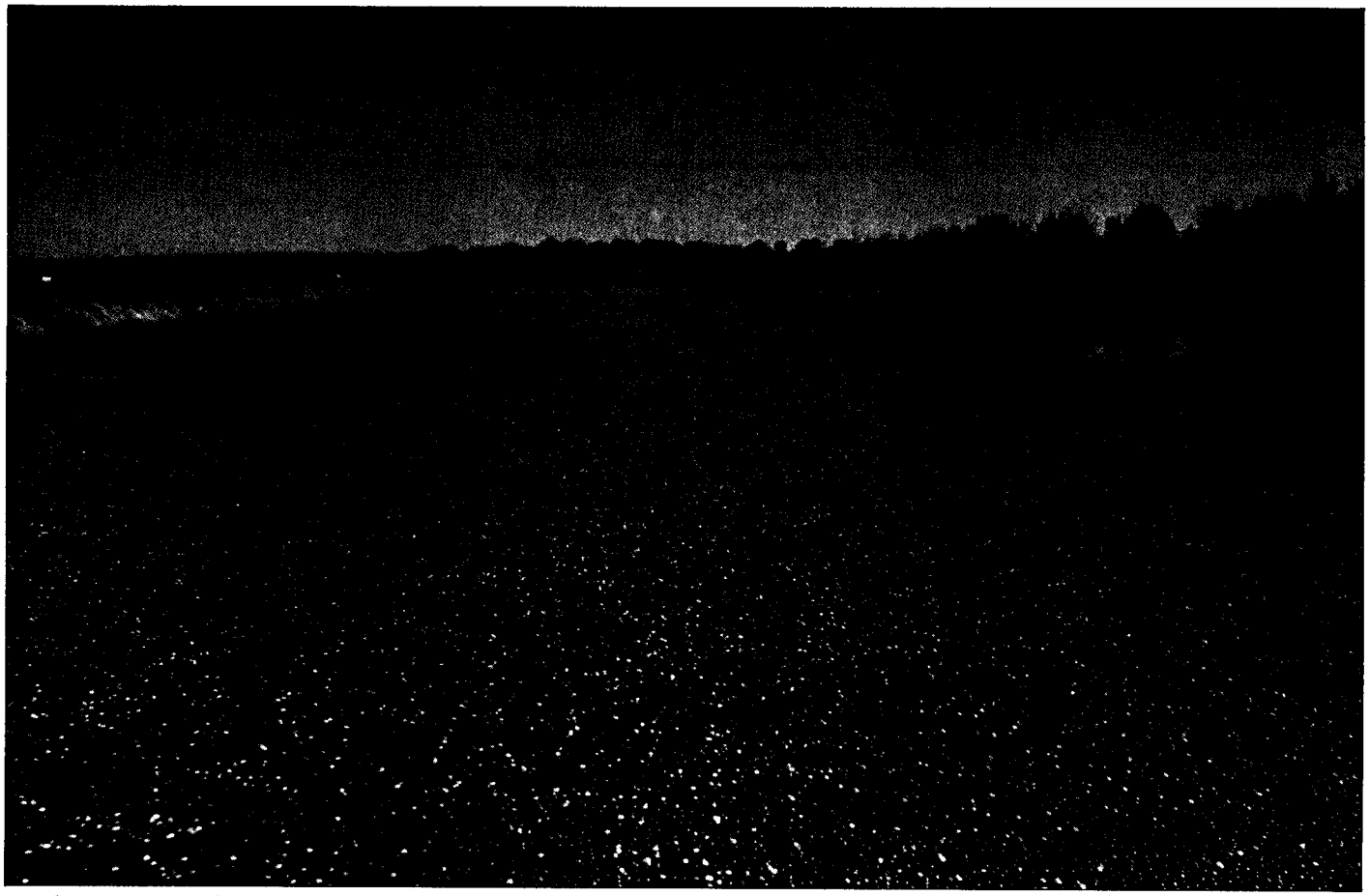


THE CRANBERRY CONNECTION

by Horace Sutton



A red sea in Massachusetts–"Cranberries grow in bogs, take five years to mature, and blossom in late June or early July."

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IN HOMETOWN AMERICA the homecoming is best at Thanksgiving, for then the progeny return, convening with great-aunts and second cousins once removed at the ceremonial table. It is a long distance between Little Rock and Plymouth Rock, but the national menu is surprisingly conformist, conditioned only by regionalisms that provide local culinary accents. The Deep South stuffs its turkeys with corn bread. There are kitchens in Texas where turkeys are packed with tamales. Louisiana fills its birds with oyster dressing and adds side dishes of baked plantains and a local squash called mirliton. The *Albuquerque Tribune* once ran a recipe for green chili dressing, which was much admired by its constituents. As an accompaniment, New Mexico serves calabacitas, small squashes charged with jalapeño peppers that will blow the tread off a tank. New England fetches steaming tureens of hubbard squash and acorn squash. It puts on the clincher with Indian pudding, whereas hot, hot, buttered pecan pie is the crowning glory in New Orleans.

There are few wild turkeys still pattering about in New England, but the gobblers roam the Texas outback. The hunting season overlaps Thanksgiving down in Lone Star country, and hunters come home with wild turkeys in the fashion of the first Thanksgiving celebrants. The Texas table might include a wild duck or quail, along with a domesticated turkey. Sour cream apple pie is a more likely dessert than pumpkin pie, and west of Pecos nobody but a renegade who matriculated at Harvard would have even heard of Indian pudding.

But whatever the regional differences, one thing is constant all over the nation—the cranberry. Culinarily, it is the great American connection.

Drop down in Seattle or St. Joe, and there is the red berry—jellied and cut in quivering slices, stewed and served with whole berries, squeezed and poured into glasses as a cocktail. Nationwide it is spiked with spirits, baked in bread, chopped into a relish, embalmed in gelatin, cubed in a salad. Heaven help us, there are even "cranburgers," though not usually on Thanksgiving.

Although the cranberry is an essential adjunct to every holiday table, anyone who says the berry was a part of that first Thanksgiving the Pilgrims shared with the Indians may well be fostering unsupported history. While there is no confirmation of the menu at that table, there is no doubt that the Indians picked wild berries, added them to deer fat and dried venison, formed that mix into cakes, baked the cakes in the sun, and passed off the chef d'oeuvre to the braves as pemmican. To veterans of the frontier, pemmican was the Spam of the Indian wars.

The warriors applied cranberry poultices to the wounds of war, and the squaws used the red juice to dye blankets and rugs. The Delaware Indians accepted cranberries as a peace symbol, and a chief called Pakimintzen—admittedly an odd handle for a redskin—gave out souvenir cranberries at peace feasts held by the tribe. In time his name passed into popular usage: Pakimintzen means cranberry eater.

> "Nationwide it is spiked with spirits, baked in bread, chopped into relish, embalmed in gelatin, cubed in salad. Heaven help us, there are even 'cranburgers.'"

Being pakimintzeniks themselves, the settlers soon figured out a way to make a cranberry juice cocktail, putting a bit of oatmeal to water and cranberries and, according to a 1683 recipe, adding "as much fine Lisbon sugar as shall leave a smart." As a bit of royal baksheesh they dispatched 10 barrels of cranberries and 3,000 codfish to King Charles II, thus hoping to cool the monarch who was out of sorts with the colonists for having had the audacity to mint their own coins.

American ships carried cranberries stored in fresh water, and American sailors ate them to stave off scurvy in the manner that British mariners chewed on limes. Perhaps only some unrecorded turn of the screw kept us—as Britons became limeys—from being known as a nation of "crannies." England soon imported cranberries, albeit on a small scale, and a bottle of the fruit in the eighteenth century fetched $1.25. One shipper in Boston sold bottles of berries in India for $1.50.

But all that is historic twaddle. It wasn't until 200 years after the Pilgrims that one Henry Hall, who lived in Dennis on Cape Cod, observed that cranberries covered with sand blown from the dunes grew fatter and faster. Cultivation began in the early 1800s in Massachusetts and New Jersey, spreading to Wisconsin by half century and, ultimately before the century turned, to Oregon and Washington. Real commercial enterprise began in Wareham, Massachusetts, where a small manufacturer marketed a cranberry syrup billed as "ruby phosphate."

Cranberries grow in bogs, take five years to mature, and blossom in late June or early July. The blooms—at least to the eye of the Pilgrims—looked like cranes, and so the berry that came with September was first called the "craneberry," and only later the cranberry.

Harvesting starts right after Labor Day with the appearance of early blacks, a variety that is black-red by the first days of September. For at least a century, modern man couldn't come up with any more sophisticated a harvesting tool than a wooden comb called a cranberry scoop, now a stan-

Continued on page 28

Wet-harvest–"The berries float to the top, and eddy into curling rivers."

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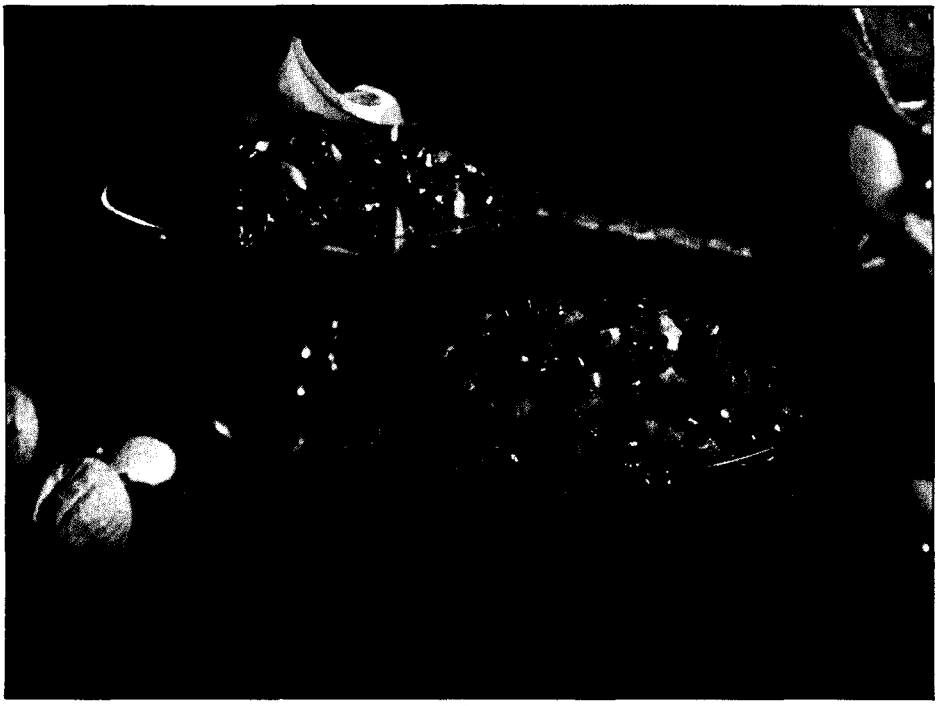
CREATIVE WAYS WITH A CRANBERRY

Recipes from the Kitchens of Ocean Spray®



CRANBERRY ORANGE SAUCE

sauce and relish

CRANBERRY ORANGE SAUCE

- 1 pound (4 cups) Ocean Spray fresh cranberries
- 2 cups sugar
- ½ cup water
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel
- ½ cup orange juice
- ½ cup slivered almonds

In a saucepan, mix together cranberries, sugar, water, orange peel and orange juice. Cook, uncovered, for 10 minutes, until cranberry skins pop, stirring one or twice. Remove from heat, stir in almonds. Cool. Cover and refrigerate. Makes about 4 cups sauce.

CRANBERRY CHUTNEY

- 1 pound (4 cups) Ocean Spray fresh cranberries
- 1 tart apple, pared, cored, diced
- 2 cups brown sugar
- ¾ cup vinegar
- ½ cup chopped mixed candied fruits and peels
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- ¼ teaspoon ground allspice
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard

In 3-quart saucepan, combine all ingredients. Bring to boiling; reduce heat and simmer, uncover, 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool and refrigerate or freeze in airtight containers. Makes 4½ cups.

salad

CRANBERRY ORANGE SALAD

- 1 package (3 ounces) raspberry flavored gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup ice cubes
- ½ cup Ocean Spray Cranberry Orange Relish
- ½ cup chopped walnuts

In a bowl, dissolve gelatin in 1 cup hot water, stir to dissolve. Stir in ice cubes, until dissolved. Chill until partially thickened. Fold in cranberry orange relish and walnuts. Pour in a 3 cup mold or individual molds and chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

entrees

CRANBERRY GRILLED HAM

- 1 can (16 ounces) Ocean Spray Jellied Cranberry Sauce
- ⅓ cup bottled steak sauce
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 1 fully cooked ham slice, 1 inch thick

In a bowl, beat together cranberry sauce, steak sauce, brown sugar, vegetable oil and mustard. Slash fat edge of ham slice. Place on a broiler rack and broil 5-6 inches from heat. Cook for 15 to 20 minutes per side. Brush with glaze last 15 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

CRANBERRY CROWN PORK ROAST

- 1 5½- to 6-pound (12 to 16 ribs) crown roast of pork
- ½ cup Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail
- 2 tablespoons light corn syrup
- 2 cans (18 ounces each) vacuum-packed sweet potatoes, drained
- 1 can (8 ounces) Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce
- ½ cup apricot preserves
- ¼ cup Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon

Preheat oven to 325°F.

Place roast in shallow pan, bone ends down. Insert meat thermometer in loin, making sure thermometer does not rest on bone. Roast about 3 to 3½ hours. In a bowl, mix together ½ cup cranberry juice and corn syrup; baste roast 4 times during last hour of roasting.

Place sweet potatoes in 2-quart casserole. In saucepan, combine cranberry sauce, apricot preserves, ¼ cup cranberry juice, salt, and cinnamon; bring to boil. Pour half the sauce over potatoes. Cover potatoes and bake along with roast during

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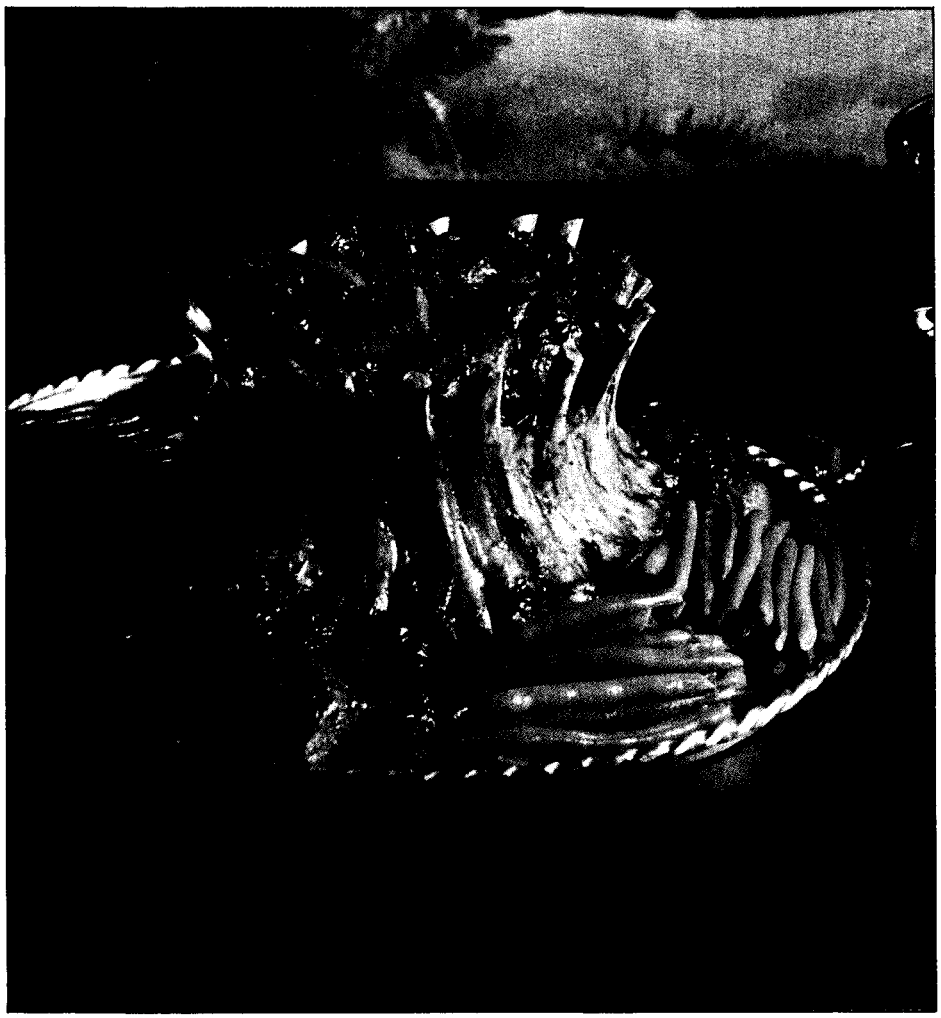

CRANBERRY CROWN PORK ROAST

last 45 minutes. Serve remaining hot sauce with potatoes. Makes 12 servings.

desserts

CRÊPES CANNEBERGES

- 2 containers (4 ounces) whipped cream cheese
- 2 teaspoons grated orange peel, divided
- 2 teaspoons orange juice
- 16 prepared crepes
- ⅔ cup chopped pecans
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2½ cups Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup orange-flavored liqueur

In a bowl, mix together cream cheese, ½ teaspoon orange peel and orange juice. Spread one side of each crepe with cream cheese and sprinkle with pecans; roll up. Place cornstarch in blazer pan of chafing dish; gradually stir in cranberry juice. Cook quickly over direct heat, stirring constantly, till thickened and bubbly. Stir in sugar, *remaining orange peel and liqueur.* Add filled crepes. Heat through. Makes 8 servings.

CRANBERRY APPLE DUMPLINGS

- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 cup Ocean Spray fresh cranberries
- ¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- Dash ground cloves
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 sticks piecrust mix
- 6 medium baking apples, pared and cored
- Cranberry Syrup

In saucepan, combine sugar and ½ cup water; bring to boil. Add cranberries and spices; simmer 5 minutes. Stir in butter. Cool.

Prepare piecrust using package directions. Roll out on lightly floured surface to 18x12-inch rectangle. Cut into six 6-inch squares. Place 1 apple on each square; moisten edges of crust. Fill centers of apples with cranberry mixture. Bring piecrust up snugly around apples, turning down corners to expose tops of apples. Place in 13x9x2-inch baking pan. Bake in 375° oven for 45 to 50 minutes.

Serve warm with Cranberry Syrup: Combine 1 cup Ocean Spray Cranapple® cranberry-apple drink and 1 cup sugar; bring to boil. Boil gently 15 minutes. Stir in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Makes 6 servings.

punch

CRANBERRY PARTY PUNCH

- 1 can (6 ounces) frozen pink lemonade concentrate
- 1 can (6 ounces) frozen orange juice concentrate
- 1 can (6 ounces) frozen pineapple *juice concentrate*
- 6 cups Ocean Spray Cranapple®
- 5 cups cold water
- 1 bottle (28 ounces) ginger ale, chilled

Thaw juice concentrates; mix together with cranapple and water; chill. Pour over ice in punch bowl. Carefully pour in ginger ale; stir gently. Float orange and lime slices, if desired. Makes 16½ cups.

CRANBERRY APPLE DUMPLINGS

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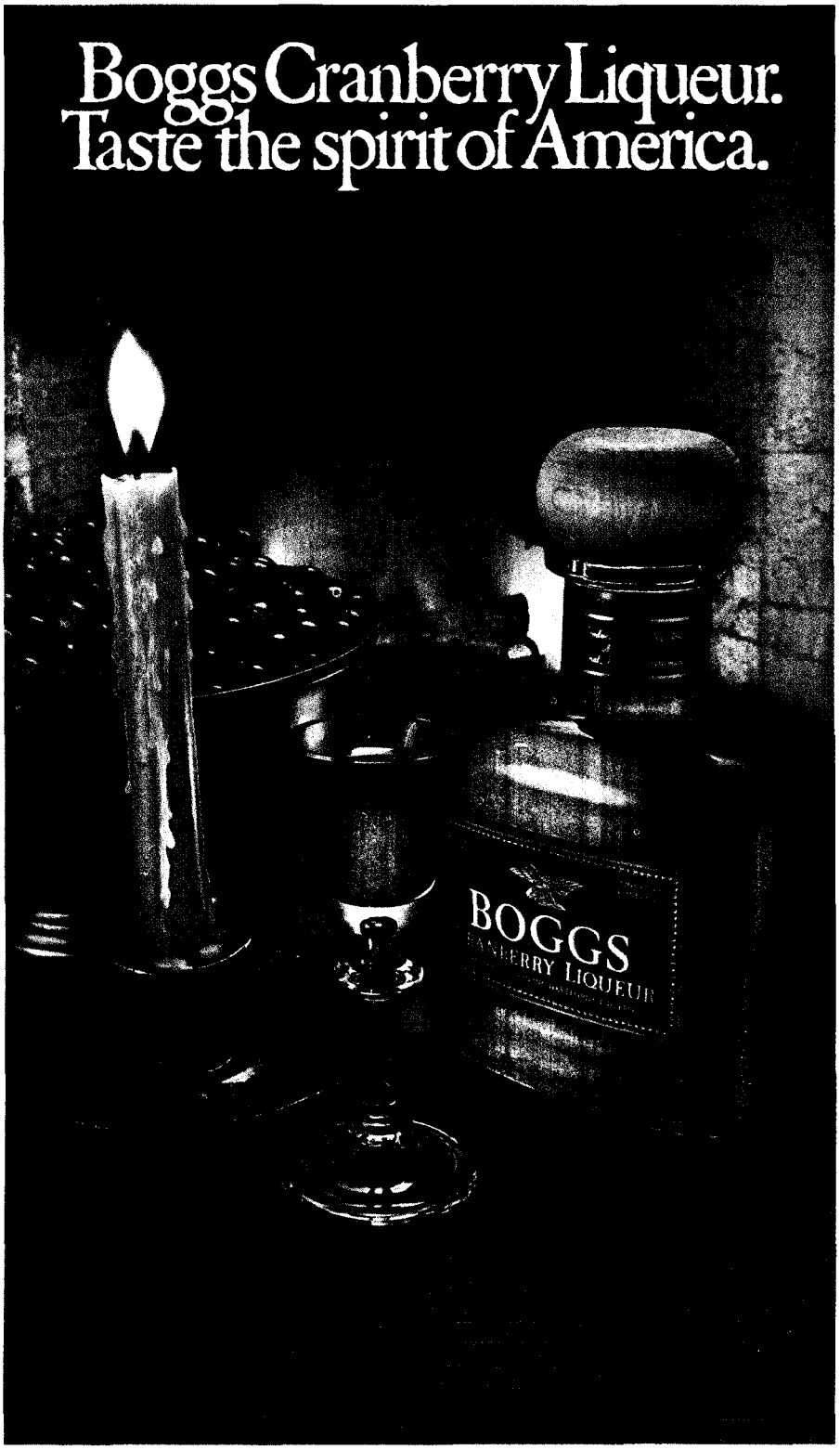

Only in America can you find cranberries rich enough and luscious enough to produce the unique taste of Boggs.

Slightly tart. Slightly sweet. Definitely one of a kind.

Try the delicious taste of Boggs tonight. Straight, over ice, or with a splash of soda. And start an American tradition of your own.

Boggs Cranberry Liqueur.
The spirit of America.

Boggs Cranberry Liqueur, 40°, ©1977. Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

The Cranberry Connection *from page 25*

dard item in antique shops, where they are sold as magazine racks.

The machine age finally brought mechanical pickers, and ingenuity created the wet-harvest, a system that calls for the bogs to be flooded and the waters stirred by giant "eggbeaters." The berries float to the top, and eddy into curling rivers, a splendid autumn sight in cranberry country. The berries are then harvested by corralling them within a large raft made of two-by-fours that have been hinged together.

By 1930 major processors formed a cooperative that ultimately took on the name of Ocean Spray. The great marketer and promoter, Marcus Urann, who is to cranberries what Campbell was to soup, signed up the Wisconsin growers, then those in the Northwest. Before he retired in 1955, cranberries were on every American table in one form or another and had assumed something of a national religion, to be ingested with turkey on Thanksgiving day as faithfully as one stands for the anthem, observes the Fourth of July, and vilifies the umpire.

Cranberries have somehow survived recent inhospitable times when other American traditions have eroded, and there was, in the words of Harold Thorkilsen, president of Ocean Spray, "almost a revulsion against anything that smacked of motherhood, grandmotherhood, or home." Even when ham, quail, duck, or goose replaced turkeys on some tables and when "we got rid of some of those funny vegetables that were all one color and didn't taste very good," housewives rarely failed to set a holiday table without cranberries. While the sweet-sour taste is adaptable to other meats, especially to poultry in all forms, there is some doubt in Thorkilsen's mind that cranberry sauce would have survived on seasonal festive menus if it had not been for tradition.

Those who string cranberries with popcorn at holiday time and drop berries and fresh oranges into a food processor to produce a relish have accounted for sales of fresh berries. But for most families it is much easier to open a can of sauce than to bother about making their own from the raw fruit. Cranberries, so to say, were bogged down in their own limitations.

In the early 1960s, cranberry juice began to be marketed in areas where cranberries were cultivated and where people were familiar with the berry. It took a special taste—some think an asbestos tongue—to like the pure juice. There is little moisture in a cranberry, and a drink made single-strength is extremely astringent. "Taken

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that way," Thorkilsen says, "eyeballs bulge, tears flow, and voices disappear. It is an extremely strong drink. Obviously, the lemon people have had the same problem."

But the juice market looked, well, juicy, and a sort of "cranberryade," known as a cranberry juice cocktail, was devised. It contains the highest level of cranberry juice compatible with popular taste and federal regulations. Water and sugar are added to it, but the finished product, so clear and so scarlet in its glass jar, contains no more water than found in similar quantities of natural orange juice.

Sales began to soar, and soon the laboratory was experimenting with such mixtures as cranapple, cranprune, and a new confluence—cranberry juice and apricot nectar, marketed as "cranicot."

Cranberries blend most appealingly with oranges, but cranorange can only be sold in frozen form. Mixed together and put on the shelf, cranberry cocktail and orange juice soon turns brown and develops an unpleasant taste. Cranpineapple cannot be packaged for the same reason, but devotees have taken to mixing their own for immediate quaffing.

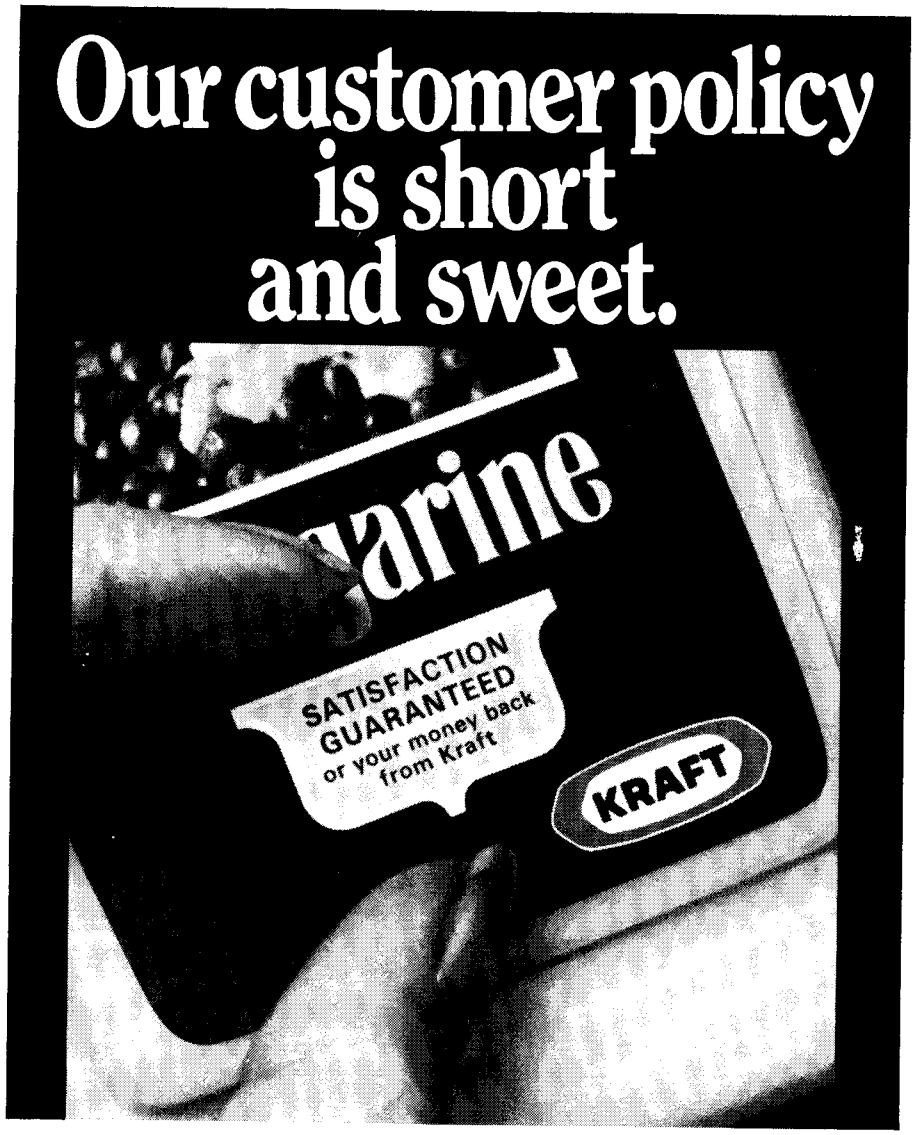
Having diversified into the grapefruit industry, Ocean Spray would like to see a mixture of grapefruit juice and cranberry cocktail, but no way has yet been found to guarantee shelf sustenance for such a concoction even if consumers could be persuaded that the mixture wasn't sufficiently acidic to etch a line in a copper plate.

The seers who saw a future in the juice have long since been awarded the golden cranberry. In 1963, total sales at Ocean Spray amounted to $23 million, almost all of it in sauce. In the fiscal year that ended last summer, sales had ballooned to $130 million, more than half that in juice.

At least some of that river of red cocktail found its way into the nation's saloons where it was to perform delectably when mixed with vodka, gin, and even rum, producing such roseate libations as the Cape Codder, the Scarlett O'Hara, and, inevitably, the Bog Cutter.

During the Bicentennial year, Seagram's laid down a barrage of promotion about a salutary drink that combined Seven Crown whiskey and cranberry juice. It was called the Firecracker, and although 1976 has slipped into history, the drink still has adherents. Ocean Spray is working to bottle the cocktail for bar use.

If cranberry juice can be mixed with whiskey and can find takers for the blend, there would seem to be no end in view. When its chemical properties were found



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Fact is, we've always guaranteed our products. Because we've always believed you were entitled to full satisfaction from the Kraft foods you buy.

So we select our ingredients very carefully. And we maintain a very firm quality control through all our operations.

But in the rare instances when we might fail to measure up to your expectations, we'll return the money you paid for the product.

Satisfaction from Kraft. You have our word for it—in writing.

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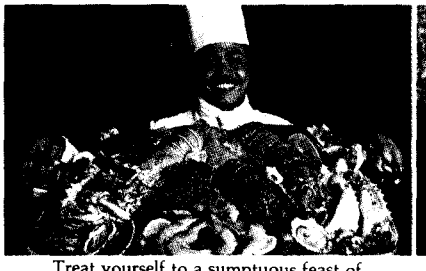
Come to vivacious Kuala Lumpur

The Sultan Abdul Samad Building, popularly known as the 'State Secretariat' was completed in 1897. Structured in ancient Moorish architecture, it is one of the great landmarks of Kuala Lumpur.



Treat yourself to a sumptuous feast of fresh, delicious sea-food. Inexpensively priced and plentiful, these dishes are flavoured to please any palate.

Malaysian 'batik', handprinted by our master craftsmen, excels in numerous intricate designs of Malaysian art.

And experience the pulsating potpourri of Asian cultures.

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The capital city alive with an endless maze of colourful images. A city of contrasts.

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Or take another short scenic drive from the capital city to Genting Highlands in the midst of lush green tropical forests. 1828 metres above sea level, it is a cool exhilarating hill resort.

And it's all here in Malaysia.

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to have a tonic effect on diaper rash, a suggestion was offered—perhaps only partly in jest—to mix it with Johnson's baby powder.

Cranberries are being marketed seriously in Canada, in Europe, and in the Pacific. In Scandinavia they are offered as an American version of lingonberries, in Germany as a version of preiselberries.

In Japan, where Kikkoman, the soy sauce people, produces cranberry juice cocktail and cranapple from Ocean Spray's raw fruit, the familiar Ocean Spray trademark could not be used. A Japanese whiskey manufacturer had already registered the word "ocean." Stores in Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, and Kobe sell the product under a label called "Cranby." Inevitably that comes out "clanby," but no matter. Business outside the United States has tripled and the surface seems barely to have been scratched.

Today Massachusetts accounts for nearly half the cranberries produced in America, but the largest plant is in Kenosha, Wisconsin, far from any ocean's spray.

It is the mark of the ultimate American acceptance of the cranberry that it is (a) good for you (low in sugar, high in acid, rich in iodine, calcium, vitamin C, and vitamin A), (b) can be frozen, (c) has been successfully used in the manufacture of a liqueur called—what else?—Boggs, and (d) is the centerpiece of a just opened attraction called—what else?—Cranberry World.

Located on a watery site overlooking Plymouth Harbor, where the first Thanksgiving guests set foot, Cranberry World displays a "mini-bog," a diorama of a cranberry plantation, and such epic pieces of cranberry art as "Cranberry Harvest on Nantucket," a celebrated painting of the 1880s. Exhibits purport to prove that the cranberry is, with the plum, America's only native fruit. (Seeds from apples were brought to the New World by colonists.) Thus, the epigram "as American as apple pie" would seem to require rethinking. ("As American as cranberry sauce," on first run-through, doesn't seem to swing.)

The attraction will bring—so estimates go—some 500,000 visitors a year to Plymouth Harbor. What do the curators of such neighboring attractions as Plymouth Rock and *Mayflower II* think of sharing the harbor with the bog farmers? Well, as far as they are concerned, it's the berries.

Plymouth is called "America's Hometown," and what could be more compatible with that than having the cranberry capital right there in town? ◉

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Holiday Gifts Between Covers

A Camera-Eye on Christmas

by Margaret R. Weiss

THIS SEASON Santa's pack of photography books is a mixed bag. Cameras have been busy people-watching or bird-watching; documenting imperial treasures or simple pleasures; tracking ancestral roots or travel routes; recording youth or old age, the rural landscape or life in the big city. And editors have been working overtime on albums, portfolios, *memento mori* appreciations, and the annual reruns of the medium's gray eminences. From this miscellany of coffee table tomes and paperback photo essays we have culled our viewer's digest of gift-wrap candidates.

Anyone who has already seen or will be unable to get to see the "Treasures of Tutankhamun" exhibition should welcome *Tutankhamun: His Tomb and Its Treasures*, by I.E.S. Edwards (Knopf, $35). This is a golden treasury on all counts: the archaeological finds, the on-site documentation made by Harry Burton from 1922 to 1928, and the color close-ups taken in the Cairo Museum by Lee Boltin. Edwards's commentary carries the authority of his years as Keeper of Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum, though in this case the pictures speak louder than words.

A camera expedition of a totally different kind was the inspiration for *Sculpture Safaris*, "coauthored" by sculptor Heinz Mack and photojournalist Thomas Höpker (Rizzoli, $45). Their project took them to Greenland and the Algerian Sahara; their purpose was to set up and photograph Mack's ephemeral kinetic constructions in those two areas of contrasting light. Höpker's color transparencies are the only tangible evidence of the experiment—all that remains of the sculptor's structures of metal foil, mirrors, Plexiglas, and prisms. While Mack's chosen modality may not be everyone's cup of wassail, the photo documentary is a colorful show of hands at work against impossible odds of wind, weather, and unpredictable subjects.

From *Sculpture Safaris*

One who made round-the-world camera safaris his lifework is remembered in *Burton Holmes*, edited by Genoa Caldwell, with an introduction by Irving Wallace (Abrams, $25). This huge album of pictures-with-commentary retraces Holmes's travelogues from 1892 to 1938, years that found him in nearly every country in which historic happenings were taking place. He was among the first to ride across Russia on the Trans-Siberian Railroad; he was visiting Naples in 1906 when Vesuvius erupted; he witnessed the Boxer Rebellion, the building of the Panama Canal, and the Russo-Japanese War. There is much to be rediscovered in the views preserved on his hand-colored glass slides. What was once a popular *divertissement* is now a timeless diary of a past era.

Hans Silvester's most recent travels have taken him from his home base in France to the lands of the ancient Inca empire. In *The Route of the Incas* (Viking, $35), his color camera partners Jacques Soustelle's pen on a journey into past and present South American culture. Following old roads and new ones, Silvester exposes landscape, architecture, faces, folkways, and the hard facts of economic life in the Andean altiplano. He is a skilled documentarian, and his ability to convey a sense of place surfaces as readily in Peru as it does in Provence.

By sheer weight alone, Ben Maddow's *Faces* (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown, $35) bids for coffee table support. This "narrative history of the portrait in photography" takes a wide-angle view of portraiture—one that encompasses street scenes by Atget and those by later "street photographers." Maddow's text contains many thoughtful passages, along with some farfetched notions. For example: "Where most composers and painters work constantly, photographers tend to burn out after a few years and take up other pursuits...." Then there is the matter of slips of the pen or blue pencil (such as clipping 14 years off Robert Doisneau's age or linking André Kertész to a "banking fortune" on the basis of his brief, modest association with the Budapest Stock Exchange). These reservations aside, one can spend many more days than the 12 of Christmas studying the book's panorama of faces.

Portraiture receives royal treatment in Colin Ford's *Happy and Glorious* (Macmillan, $11.95). What might have been just another Silver Jubilee trophy turns out to be an excellent pictorial chronicle of the royal family from Victoria Regina to Queen Elizabeth II. Two hundred photographs—with essays by Sir Cecil Beaton, Elizabeth Longford, Helmut Gernsheim, among others—confirm that British monarchs have kept an eye on the camera as patrons and amateur practitioners. As sitters they have been well served by royal photographers from Constable and Fenton to Beaton, Snowdon, and Lichfield. The book is a pleasing blend of cameolike daguerreotypes, hand-tinted *cartes-de-visite*, family album snapshots, formal portraits, stills from old newsreels, and even frames from a movie made in 1896.

Social history of another order is to be found in *The American Farm*, by Maisie and Richard Conrat (Houghton Mifflin, $17.50). The photographs, borrowed from more than 100 archives, chart the development of the land from the days of yeoman farming to current industrialized agriculture. Solomon Butcher, Emma Coleman, Lewis Hine, Dorothea Lange, Ben Shahn, Burk Uzzle, Ken Heyman, Charles Har-

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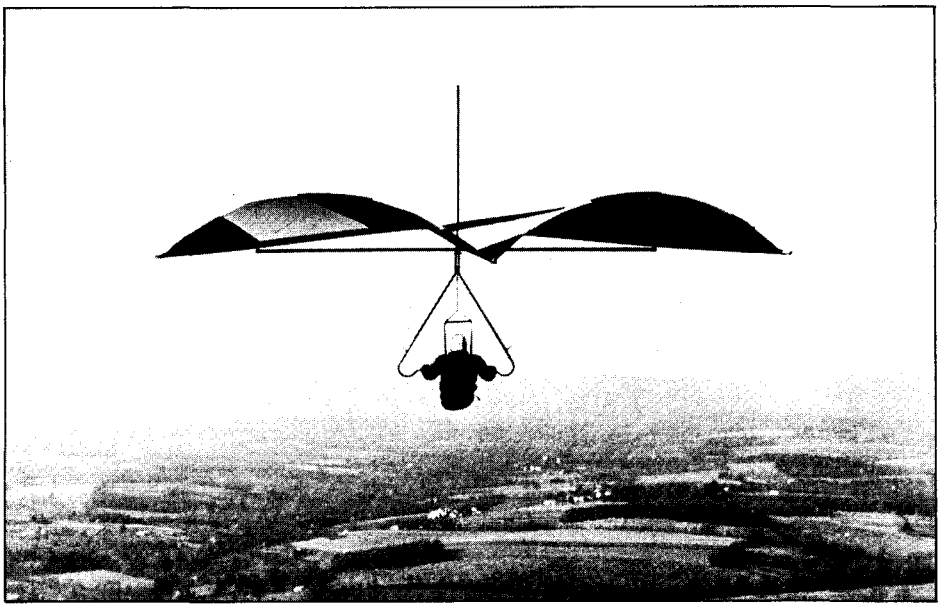

From Playtime!

butt, Joe Munroe, and so forth, comprise an all-star camera cast that sparks the scholarly text into a compelling documentary.

For a more intimate, "earthy" look at the rural scene, turn to *In the Country*, by Inge Morath and Arthur Miller (Viking, $14.95). The locale is Connecticut, but words and pictures limn a social environment that might be, as Miller says, "anywhere in America that isn't a town or city." The village drugstore, a Fourth of July picnic, the church auction, organic farming, local politics, and homegrown performing talent—these are the Millers' subjects, and together they present a landscape for quiet contemplation.

For those who prefer the metropolitan vista there is *New York*, with color photography by Bernard Hermann and text by Gilbert Millstein (Abrams, $15). Sightseeing from the Bronx to the Bowery, French photojournalist Hermann finds the Big Apple a delectable *tarte Tatin*. His is a visitor's wide-eyed, outside-looking-in view that relies on newsman Millstein's voice of experience to keep things in proper perspective and tell it as it is.

A less glamorized image of New York is projected in *Weegee*, edited by Louis Stettner (Knopf, $15). Creature and creator of *Naked City*, Weegee (born Arthur Fellig) was the prototypical dog-eat-dog press photographer of the 1930s. His beat was the crossroads of Times Square, the crowded beaches of Coney Island, the night courts, and the Bowery Follies. His Chevy housed darkroom, typewriter, police radio, and reserve stock of cigars. These and well-conditioned reflexes were all he needed to translate the raw material of sensation into dramatic human documents. Stettner's introduction supplies both biography and assessment of the immigrant youth who started as a street tintyper and who later became "Weegee the Famous" of New York and Hollywood.

WITH THE AID of 40 roving photographers, a pair of nature experts have produced a dazzling bestiary of the world's wildlife. *The Audubon Society Book of Wild Animals*, by Les Line and Edward Ricciuti (Abrams, $37.50), covers its subject from tiny field mouse to mammoth blue whale. Pictures and text are scaled for comfortable reading, and abundant color close-ups are matched by easy-on-the-eye typography—a visual combination rarely found in "encyclopedic" guides.

These qualities also do credit to *Moments of Discovery*, which features Eliot Porter's color photographs with text by Michael Harwood (Dutton, $29.95). Here the focus is on bird-watching—or bird-finding, as these two nature lovers call their ornithological adventures across America. Heron or hummingbird, woodpecker or warbler—it matters not which of the 70 species Porter records: All seem to have been just waiting to be discovered by his viewfinder.

Two observers of the featherless biped have put their findings into photo essays. Mark Jury's *Playtime!* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95 paperback) offers a checkerboard of banal and bizarre escapes from the workaday world. (Anyone for tennis, backpacking, the diaper derby, or a chicken-plucking contest?) See the other side of the coin in *Working: I Do It for the Money*, by Bill Owens (Simon & Schuster, $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paperback). A seasoned reporter on urban and suburban life, Owens shows his subjects laboring less strenuously than the players pictured by Jury.

In *Walls* (Pantheon, $17.95), Deidi von Schaewen eschews faces for facades. For 10 years she has wall-watched in Berlin, Paris, Barcelona, and New York, recording the decline (and fall) of old buildings. Her feeling for surface texture and graphic design comes through more clearly in the color plates than in the often fuzzy black-and-white reproductions.

Two posthumous appreciations are worthy of special note. *A Day Off* (Little, Brown, $8.95 paperback) is the late Tony Ray-Jones's perceptive "English journal" of Ascot and Glyndebourne patrons, curling matches and dog shows, the Butlin holiday campers, Chatham May Queens and the miners' union having a day in the sun (or rain). One can see why Brodovitch, Strand, and Lartigue gave this young photographer so much encouragement.

Maine and its native Boswell, Kosti Ruohomaa (1914–1961), are the subjects of *Night Train at Wiscasset Station*, by Lew Dietz (Doubleday, $14.95 cloth, $7.95 paperback). From long johns and long winters to bold coast and lobsterman's bait house, the Ruohomaa-Dietz reportage merits a stop at Wiscasset Station before December 25. ◉

Coffee table Books, Demitasse Size

by Peter Andrews

COFFEE TABLE BOOKS, those ponderous, outsize volumes, crammed with illustrations, that can be lifted in safety only by a reader who has successfully passed his latest physical examination, seem to have become something of an endangered species. What with the publishing industry tightening its belt along with everyone else, the overstuffed picture books of the past have been slimmed down considerably. Perhaps we are entering the era of the tea tray book, and it may not be a bad thing either. I am growing progressively disenchanted with books I cannot read comfortably while lying in bed. With one exception, the books listed below, while handsomely and sometimes sumptuously illustrated, can all be managed by a person of no more than ordinary strength.

For a people who pride themselves,

Continued on page 36

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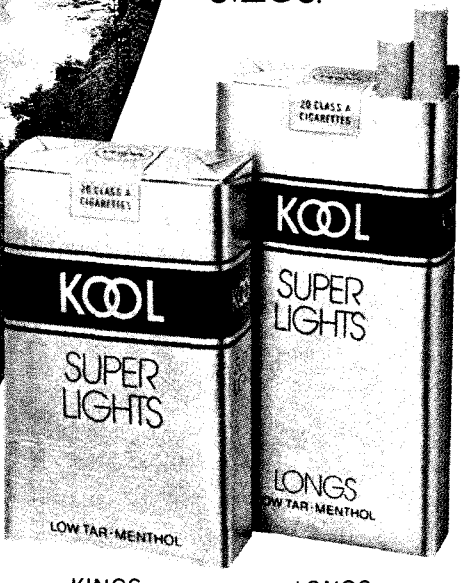

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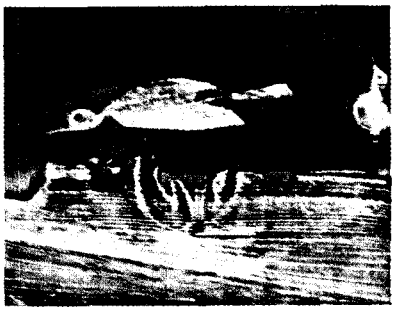


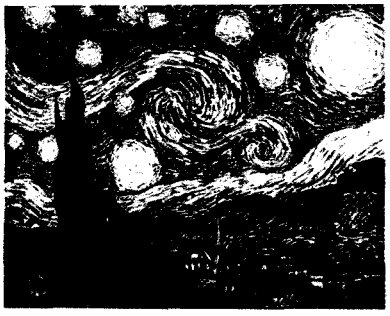
512 MAX ERNST
Flying Geese
Gallery of 20th C., Berlin

1387 WASSILY KANDINSKY
The White Dot
Kunsthalle, Hamburg

1182 JEAN-HONORE FRAGONARD
Girl Reading
Natl. Gallery, Wash., D.C.

1173 JOAN MIRO
People and Dog in Sun
Kunstmuseum, Basel

1195 MARC CHAGALL
Feathers in Bloom
Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris



1399 VINCENT VAN GOGH
Starry Night
Mus. Mod. Art, N.Y.

809 WINSLOW HOMER
Breezing Up
Natl. Gallery, Wash., D.C.

1024 CLAUDE MONET
Tulips in Holland
Louvre, Paris

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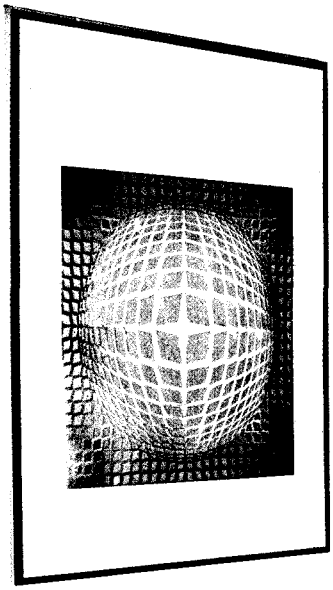
The Empire of Lights
Musées Royaux

1331 ALFRED SISLEY
Autumn Landscape
Coll. Mrs. N.B. Woolworth



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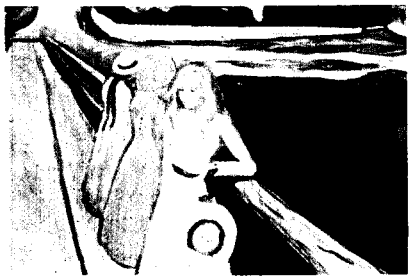


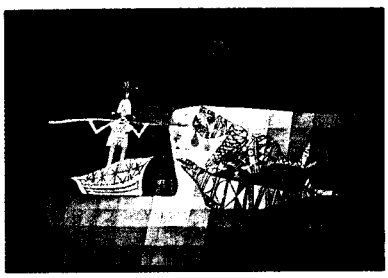
599 EDVARD MUNCH
Girl on a Bridge
Kunsthalle, Hamburg

400 KOSON
On the Wing
Bibliothèque Natl., Paris

504 PIETER BREUGHEL
Winter Scene
Delporte Coll., Brussels

1027 HENRI ROUSSEAU
Virgin Forest
Kunstmuseum, Basel

869 ANDREW WYETH
Christina's World
Mus. Mod. Art, N.Y.



1202 PAUL KLEE
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1161 PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR
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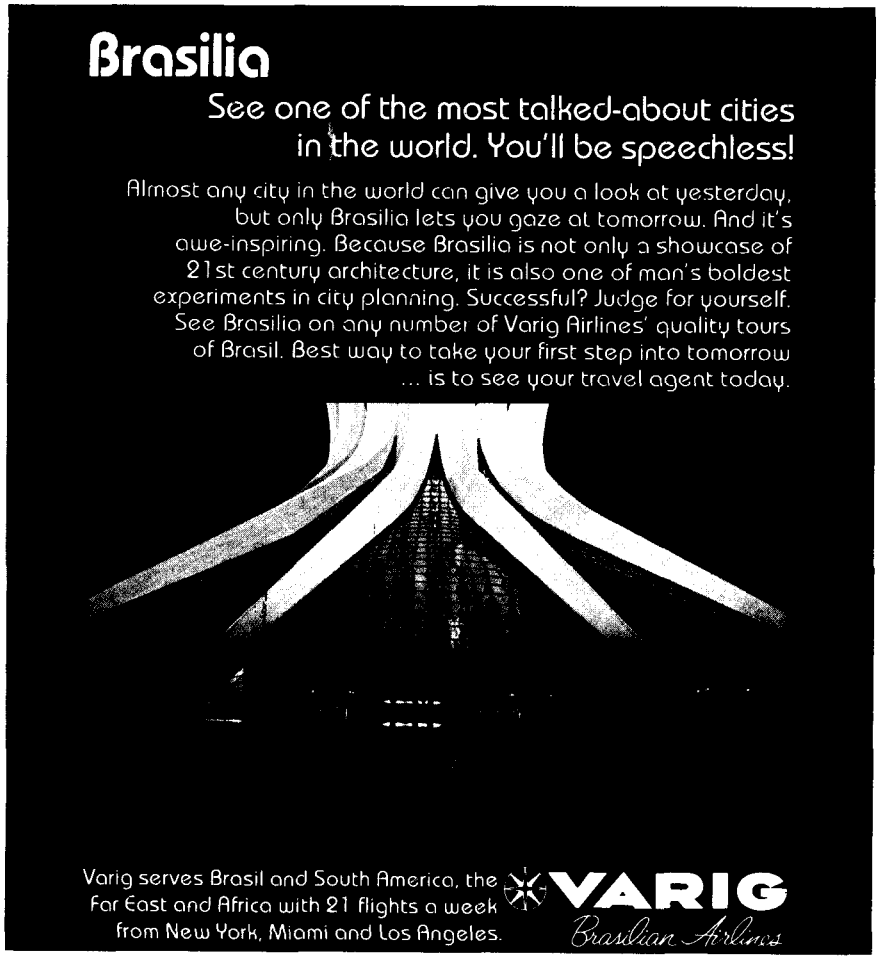
falsely to be sure, on their egalitarianism, Americans seem to have an almost inexhaustible appetite for books about royalty. As for myself, I am the worst offender alive. Give me an elegantly produced volume on a mighty king, a lovely queen, a bit of scandal, and perhaps a slightly dotty peer of the realm tottering down the corridors of power, and I ask for little more. *The Courts of Europe*, edited by A.G. Dickens (McGraw-Hill, $24.95), should more than satisfy the most dedicated monarchist. This remarkably well-illustrated book offers a series of incisive portraits of the major power centers in Europe from 1400 to 1800. Each court, from the exuberant reign of the Tudors to the spiritual monarchy of Pope Urban VII, had its own style, and Professor Dickens, along with a team of writer-historians, is an excellent tour guide. Every once in a while the text gets bogged down in academic detail, but it is well worth the effort to stay with it because some glorious anecdote is never too far off. Harried presidential press secretaries may take heart in the knowledge that their problems are nothing new. When Francis I of France died in 1547, it was first announced that his soul had ascended directly to heaven. The assumption that Francis had somehow skipped the mandatory stay in purgatory caused a considerable theological uproar. One of the king's ministers hastily reassured angry churchmen that the first statement was inoperable, and then covered himself by saying that even if Francis had indeed spent time in purgatory, "he would scarcely have remained there, and would only have a cup in passing."

TWO OF THE MOST celebrated cities in the world are the subjects of very different but equally compelling illustrated profiles. *Americans in Paris*, by Tony Allan (Contemporary Books, $14.95), is a splendid account of the special relationship between American expatriots and Paris during the 1920s and 1930s. It was a time known as *les années folles*, the crazy years, when a Yankee with a little talent or a little money—or, failing either of those, a little nerve—could enjoy himself as nowhere else. The lives of the major American figures, such as Gertrude Stein and Josephine Baker, who became as much a part of the Parisian scene as the Eiffel Tower, are well represented, and the pictures are excellent. Allan is an international journalist with a good eye for illuminating social detail, and he fills his pages with fascinating vignettes. Of all the nights on the town Allan describes, I think I would most like to have been at Maxim's the time Elsa Maxwell threw a party for the British Foreign Secretary, Arthur Balfour. After a spirited taste of Franco-American hospitality, he thanked his hostess for "the most delightful and degrading evening" he had ever spent.

Like its subject, *Mario Puzo, Inside Las Vegas*, by Mario Puzo (Grosset & Dunlap, $14.95), is coarse, vulgar, loud, garish, reprehensible, and utterly fascinating. Puzo, who freely admits that his idea of heaven is a red-walled casino with unlimited credit, is the perfect man to tell us about Vegas. Accompanied by a trio of first-class photojournalists—John Launois, Michael Abramson, and Susan Fowler-Gallagher—Puzo roars around Vegas like a Texas oilman with silver dollars burning a hole in his pocket. The book is crammed full of inside information, from how to cheat at blackjack to why Frank Sinatra is still the biggest casino attraction in show business. Although Puzo clearly loves Vegas, he is no shill. He tells you up front that no matter how smart you think you are, sooner or later you will get wiped out. But he also tells you how to enjoy yourself the most while you're going about it.

The Liners, by Terry Coleman (Putnam's, $14.95), is a nostalgic exercise in history that recounts the story of the great ocean-going ships that plied the Atlantic in the days when getting there was really half the fun. Service was the thing on the first-class boats. So it is not surprising that one woman, having casually mentioned to the captain of the *Ile de France* that she enjoyed music during her bath, turned on the water in her tub the next morning only to discover that the ship's orchestra had gathered outside her stateroom for a serenade. Coleman tells his story with all the elegance and grace his subject deserves—from tales of the *Great Eastern*, a ship launched in 1858 that was so vast that the only means of communication between bow and stern was by semaphore flags, to his account of the last grande dame of the sea, the *Queen Elizabeth II*.

Two cultural giants have received illustrated biographical treatments that are serviceable but not a great deal more. *Shakespeare the Elizabethan*, by A. L. Rowse (Putnam's, $14.95), is obviously intended as a brief, 120-page illustrated introduction to the life of England's greatest playwright, and as such it is perfectly acceptable. But it does not exactly fire up the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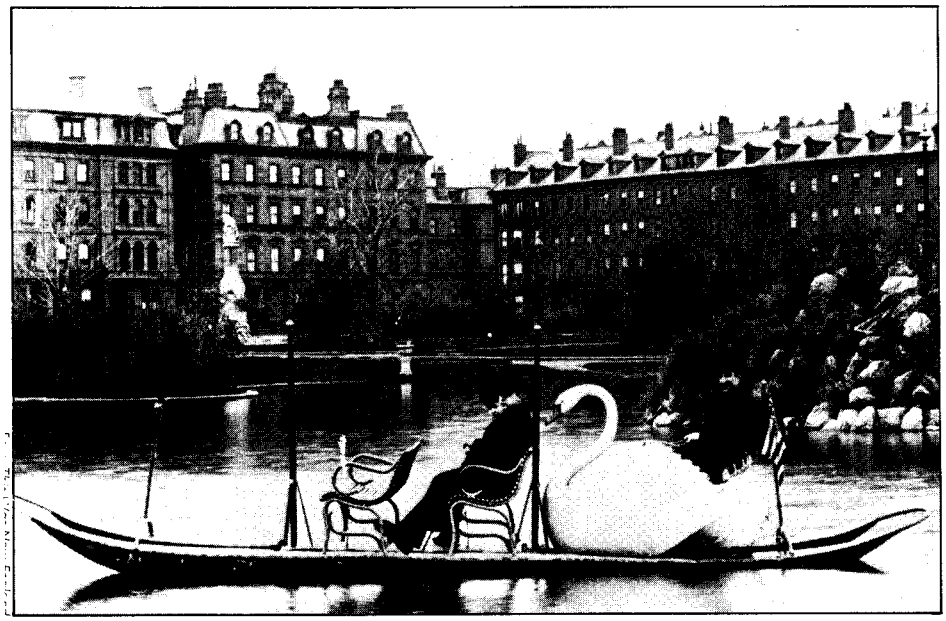

reader to go farther. Professor Rowse, who has written an excellent full-length biography of Shakespeare previously, seems unhappy with the short format of this book. His text has the feel of a lecture delivered by a professor who has his mind on a more interesting work in progress.

Verdi, edited and translated by William Weaver (Thames and Hudson, $37.50), is described as a "documentary study" rather than a full-dress biography, but even within the announced limitations it seems to me that for $37.50 the reader deserves a little more help sifting through the material than Mr. Weaver gives. The book starts out with 287 color and black-and-white illustrations, showing everything from Verdi's birth certificate to his gravestone. Then follow 110 pages of closely packed selections largely taken from Verdi's letters. Many of the individual pieces are interesting, and I am sure that an opera scholar or someone with a copy of a good biography at his side would benefit from them. But for the general reader, this *Verdi* becomes irritating and eventually the one thing Verdi would never tolerate—boring.

The British historian A.J.P. Taylor has set out the enormous task for himself of creating a full-dress social portrait of European life in the period before the outbreak of World War I. *The Last of Old Europe* (Quadrangle, $15) succeeds brilliantly. The text is spare, taking up only some 20 pages to set the scene and to introduce a truly remarkable collection of historical photographs. The kings and generals are here of course, but Taylor's major objective is to show the men and women who made up the variegated social fabric of prewar Europe: goatherds in the streets of Paris and factory workers making the big guns in Essen, harem ladies in Constantinople and fishmongers from Aberdeen, a proper English couple punting on the Thames and Prussian Uhlans practicing cavalry maneuvers. In the past, painters had largely limited themselves to depictions of life of the gentry with an occasional genre painting of happy peasant children at play. But cameramen then, as now, went everywhere and shot anything they could get in focus. Thanks to these largely unknown amateurs, we now have a priceless pictorial record of a way of life that went off to war and never came back.

Another successful attempt to recapture a bygone era is *This Was New England*, by Martin W. Sandler (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown, $19.95). A Massachusetts teacher with a special interest in local history, Mr. Sandler has brought together some 200 photographs of New England taken between 1855 and 1920, and the Graphic Society has done a particularly fine job of producing an unforgettable picture of a time and a people. Whether he was dissecting a cadaver in the Vermont Medical School, wheeling the world's largest tricycle down the main street of Concord, or just dropping into the local saloon in New Bedford, the New Englander brought a marvelous seriousness of purpose to the task at hand which is perfectly captured in this lustrous collection.

The one behemoth in the group is *Fellini's Films*, edited by Christian Strich (Putnam's, $45). This is a big, outsize book containing some 400 color and black-and-white stills from all 16 of Fellini's movies. I enjoyed it enormously and, if the truth be known, rather more than some of the mas-

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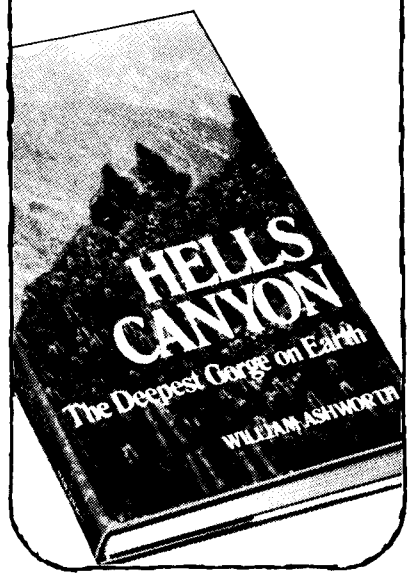

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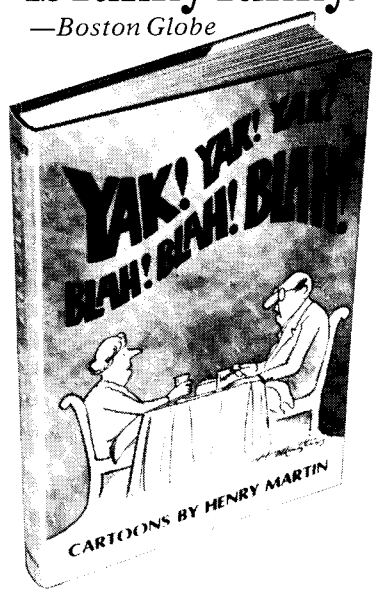

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From Fellini's Films

ter's original films. Fellini has a trained cartoonist's eye for big, splashy visual effects that work well on the screen, and they come across nicely in this work. It is apparently the author's intention that we look on each individual Fellini still photo as a separate piece of art. That's all right with me. Many of the pictures are marvelous and could easily hold their own with the best work of the great still photographers. But Strich weakens his argument with the dreadful sycophancy that mars so much writing about motion pictures. He wants us to love everything Fellini has ever done without reservation and forgets that a film like *Il Bidone* was a turkey when it was run through a projector, and it is still a turkey when seen frame by frame. Even so, for the well-heeled Fellini buff, this book should be quite a treat. ◉

The Many Faces of Art

by James R. Mellow

THERE IS, evidently, no ideal method for dealing with art history. Although there are a number of perfectly worthwhile and valuable volumes among the current crop of lavishly produced art books, they seem only to underscore the problem—and the problem is one of approach. Take, for instance, that old standby of the art book trade, the monograph of the individual artist. The monograph may well do justice to the artist's professional career and his formal accomplishments, but it usually avoids his private life. Furthermore, one of the unwritten laws of the monograph is that everything an artist produces is equally important and successful, and so in the land of the colorplate, there are no failures—not even minor ones. Given such circumstances, the monograph is all too likely to elevate minor talents to the status of masters.

The general survey, that other standby of the trade, has its own peculiar flaws. In its grand chronological march, it tends to give a false impression of an inevitable progression of styles, of a *weltanschauung* to which all the really important artists wholeheartedly subscribe. (Those who do not are cast into the limbo reserved for the misguided.) What one misses, then, is a sense of the ongoing multiplicity of art at any given moment, of the welter of cross-purposes and crosscurrents, of the artists who do not suit the critical or popular tastes of the moment—but who may well be resurrected as "precursors" of some later development.

Even those artists who are discussed are likely to be considered in only one chapter—at the precise point at which their careers intersect the author's rigid historical program. After which, they will probably never be heard from again. In most art histories, it is only the sacred monsters, like Picasso or Matisse, who manage to outlast changes of style, changes of taste—even the fact of their own deaths. They exemplify that indispensable gift—the talent for survival.

Reading through one of the better of the season's art books, *Art Now*, by Edward Lucie-Smith (Morrow, $29.95), one is surprised by the number of international headline acts that appeared 10 or 20 years ago and now excite little more than a critical yawn: the French painter Niki de Saint-Phalle, who shot up her pictures with a rifle, releasing paint from punctured balloons; Georges Mathieu, who, armed only with a fully loaded brush, once jousted bravely with the empty canvas; the Swiss sculptor Jean Tinguely, whose self-destructing sculptural extravaganzas could draw eager crowds to the Museum of Modern Art. Death has proved hazardous to a number of formerly impressive postwar reputations: Yves Klein, the impresario of such antic events as the exhibition of a series of empty gallery walls; Germaine Richier, the notable French figurative sculptor; even Nicolas de Staël, once considered the most famous abstractionist of postwar Europe. They seem to have slipped into past history with an ease that is disconcerting.

Lucie-Smith, an English critic with a terse, no-nonsense style, provides a brisk guided tour of contemporary developments. His book is generously illustrated in color, and the now familiar monuments of postwar art—De Kooning's women; Rauschenberg's stuffed goat, girdled with a tire; Jasper Johns's American flags; Warhol's ubiquitous Campbell's soup cans—succeed one another in easy and rapid fashion. There are chapters, too, on op art, kinetic art, happenings, and environments.

The severe compression of artists and styles, of geography and aesthetics, however, takes its toll; such unequal talents as Francis Bacon and Bernard Buffet are hustled together as uneasy bedfellows, and for lack of a better handle, Lucie-Smith resorts to the dubious convenience of "national sensibility" in explaining the differences between the German expressionist E.W. Nay and the Franco-Russian painter Serge Poliakoff. Partisans of the New York school of painting may be stunned by one or two of his generalizations along these lines. Dealing with the "non-gestural wing of the abstract expressionists" (presumably meaning Rothko and I am not sure what other New York painters), he claims that their bias against figurative art is merely an "extension of the Russian-Jewish-Hasidic tradition," with its prohibition against graven images. He also suggests that the posture of outsiders that the abstract expressionists adopted—their "social impotence, ... [their] ability to make connections only within the art community"—should be read as a "transmogrification of the ghetto mentality." That should certainly come as news to admirers of Jackson Pollock who are far too prone, anyway, to think of him as a cowboy from Wyoming.

Passages in Modern Sculpture, by Rosalind E. Krauss (Viking, $18.95), is a much more formidable study. It has the advantage of a narrower focus on its subject—although it ranges over a considerable period of time, from Rodin's nineteenth-century *Gates of Hell* to the huge earth sculpture, the *Spiral Jetty* (1970), which the late Robert Smithson created in Utah's Great Salt Lake. The book is well illustrated in black and white and is, for an art book, of a convenient and manageable size. The text is rigorously formalistic and analytical and organized around specific sculptural considerations such as the treatment of narrative time, the handling of space, and the game strategies of surrealist sculpture. It is an approach that pays off particularly well in the author's discussions of Rodin and David Smith.

One of the most important volumes of the season, *French Painting from the Hermitage Museum*, by Anna Barskaya and Antonina Izerghina (published in Leningrad by Aurora Art Publications, distributed by Abrams, $40), is essentially a

James R. Mellow, a free-lance critic and writer, is the author of Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company.

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catalog of the once inaccessible, magnificent collections of two rival Russian collectors, Ivan Morozov and Sergei Shchukin. From the turn of the century to 1918, the two wealthy Russians regularly visited Parisian salons, galleries, and artists' studios, buying up masterpieces by Cézanne, Monet, Gauguin, Picasso, and Matisse, among others. Morozov, the younger and more conservative of the two, had a preference for the quiet Nabi painters and commissioned decorative panels by Bonnard and Maurice Denis for his Moscow mansion; Shchukin, more open in his tastes, hired Matisse to paint two audacious decorative murals—*Dance* and *Music*, which are landmarks in modern art—for his palatial residence. The Russian Revolution, unfortunately, put an end to their daring collecting ventures, and both collections were "nationalized" by the State. The brief introductory text to the volume slides over the circumstances, but most of the paintings were considered decadent and capitalistic, not suitable viewing for the general citizenry during the 1920s and 1930s, when socialist realism became the only permissible form of Soviet art. For scholars—and for those who have never been fortunate enough to see these fabulous collections, now housed in the Hermitage Museum—*French Painting* is an indispensable volume, a missing chapter in the history of French painting from the impressionists to the early cubists. The Matisses—one masterpiece after another—are superb.

Lavishly produced, *Surrealists and Surrealism*, by the late Gaëtan Picon (Skira/Rizzoli, $50), is a large, glossy album, a kind of scrapbook of the surrealist adventure, complete with photographs of the artists, snippets of perverse surrealist poetry and ebullient surrealist manifestos, assorted documents and memorabilia. The tipped-in colorplates trace the course of surrealist painting and sculpture from its incipient Dada phase, in 1919, to the death of the movement's prime mover, André Breton, in 1966. Picon, who once served in the Ministry of Cultural Affairs under André Malraux, made rather exaggerated claims for what he regarded as clearly a French national treasure: "The most important creative movement of this century," he called it. He therefore set down every event in the surrealist drama with the fidelity of an inspired scribe relating the Acts of the Apostles. Nevertheless, this is a genuinely useful, though cumbersome, volume. It offers a vivid, lively picture of the surrealist troupe—painters and poets, madmen, dreamers, and erstwhile politicos—with all the fanfare, eroticism, exoticism, public effrontery, and private jokes that may be gleaned from the documents. The book includes an extensive chronology, a somewhat chauvinistic French bibliography, and an illustrated "dictionary index" that is oftentimes as engaging to read as the text.

From Art Now

Magritte: Ideas and Images, by Harry Torczyner (Abrams, $45), is a well-illustrated survey of the works of the Belgian surrealist painter and a personal memoir by one of his devoted friends. It, too, is an album of sorts, containing letters, mementos, and family photographs. The introductory memoir and the prefatory remarks to some of the textual sections turn a bit smarmy at times, but the book is full of useful insights. It is amusing to discover the irony that Magritte—the painter of such unexpected visions as a model train chugging out of a parlor fireplace under its own steam and landscapes in which the skies are raining down men in derby hats—should have intensely disliked surprise visits. "One did not enter either his mind or his home without knocking," Mr. Torczyner observes. The major portion of the text is given over to a too generous sampling of Magritte's opinions on many subjects—politics, literature, contemporary art, his colleagues. Some of these are self-serving; some are marked by the obvious bitterness of his having remained a second-class surrealist for much of his career. (Although Breton was supposed to have been one of his champions, Magritte, according to Mr. Torczyner, was never accorded a single retrospective in any French museum.) It is understandable, then, that Magritte might have regarded his more famous surrealist colleague Miró as a comic poseur, or that he should have dismissed Dubuffet as an artist who had achieved success through "imbecilic snobbery." There is a plodding straightforwardness to Magritte's views; he frankly admits his defeat in his attempts to broaden the conservative aesthetic views of the Communist party, which he joined in 1945. Feeling duty-bound to read Lenin's writings, he confesses that he finds them as boring as "the droning of a board of directors' meeting."

My only serious criticism of *Jasper Johns*, by Michael Crichton (Abrams, $28.50), is that Crichton, author of *The Andromeda Strain* and *The Great Train Robbery*, too often searches for difficult, intellectual explanations for the artist's statements concerning his work. Crichton, who apologizes—needlessly, in fact—for being an outsider to the field, has mastered contemporary critical jargon in handsome fashion and produces it with a flair.

My own impression of Johns is that he is an artist who has raised diffidence to an art with his laconic imagery of targets, ale cans, flags; that he is an artist with a limited range of interests, but he handles them superbly. His work of late has turned increasingly retrospective, re-creating anthologies of his earlier successes in the fashion of his hero, Marcel Duchamp—a circumstance that seems entirely appropriate to the present volume, which also serves as the catalog for Johns's large retrospective exhibition, now on view at the Whitney Museum of American Art. The book is a beautifully tailored affair and certainly worth the price.

Daphnis and Chloë, the Longus classic illustrated by Chagall (Braziller, $55), is strictly a luxury item for readers. The text, a reprinting of George Moore's 1934 version, is pleasantly erotic in an old-fashioned way. Although Chagall is said to have made two special trips to Greece in order to produce the 58 color lithographs for the first limited edition of this work (published by Verve in 1961), he might just as easily have remained at work in his studio. The images in these pictures—the

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floating nude lovers, the misshapen cows and horses, the flying fish, rearing goats, nondescript birds—are the same that have appeared in most of Chagall's work, from his old-world Russian villages to the struggles of Jacob and the angel to a poster, promoting Nice, commissioned by the French Government Tourist Office.

A much more engaging volume by the same publisher, *The Miraculous Journey of Mahomet* (Braziller, $35 to December 25, thereafter $40), reproduces 58 of the gilded illuminations recounting the miraculous ascension of Mahomet to the throne of God, taken from the fifteenth-century manuscript in the collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Strictly as visual adventures, the encounters of the prophet with the infernal tree or the angel with 70 heads (each of which praises God, night and day) offer paintings as remarkable and inventive as anything to be found in the productions of the surrealists. Magritte may have had a point when, complaining about the pop artists who seemed to be stealing some of his fire, he exclaimed, "Everything touted today as novelties is only a variation on what was already done many years ago." ◉

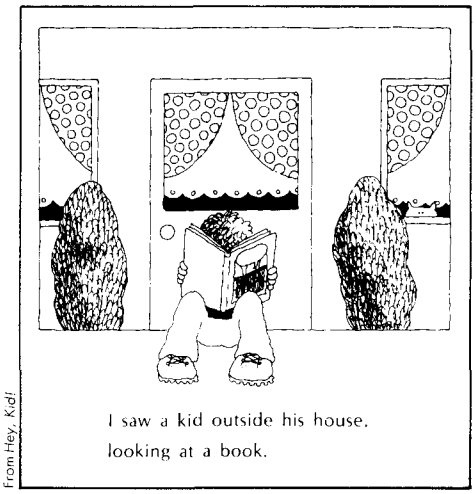
Children's Books: Best of the Season

by William Cole

BACK IN November, 1974, I wrote in this space, "Classic children's books don't come along each season, but this book *is* one." I was talking about Shel Silverstein's hilarious book of poems and illustrations, *Where the Sidewalk Ends*, and by golly, I see in *Publishers Weekly* that it has now sold more than 100,000 copies! I'm not saying that it took any brains to prognosticate the success of *that* book; it's still the first one I recommend to people who want to give gifts to kids for birthdays, hospital stays, *bar mitzvahs*, or Christmas.

For Older Children (Roughly 8 to 11)

We seem to have gone to the dogs; four good books on the creatures sit before me. The most thorough and well written is *The Good Dog Book: Loving Care*, by Mordecai Siegal (Macmillan, $9.95). It includes everything from picking a pup to diets to car-chasing problems. • Then there's a delightful photo text, *What Is Your Dog Saying?* by Dr. Michael Fox and Wende Devlin Gates (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95), about body (and noise) communication, done in Q & A form, with such Q's as "Why won't my dog look me in the eye when I talk to him?" and "What is flight distance?" • *Superpuppy*, by Jill and D. Manus Pinkwater (Clarion/Seabury, $9.95), concerns itself with young canines and is jazzily written. It has some interesting ideas such as squirting lemon juice into your pup's mouth to discourage him from barking. • *Dog Training for Kids*, by Carol Lea Benjamin (Howell Book House, $5.95), tells in a cute and chatty style everything about housebreaking and teaching tricks, from give-me-your-paw to more stylish feats.



I saw a kid outside his house.
looking at a book.

From Hey, Kid!

Speaking of dogs, *The Wonder-Dog* is a collection of stories for children by the late Richard Hughes (Greenwillow, $7.95). Hughes stresses in his foreword that he's a storyteller: "Almost every story in this book has been through a child's mind and back to me again like this before reaching the written page." They're good; mostly about animals; mostly fantasy. • Another batch of stories has been collected by the creator of Paddington Bear. But the heroine in *Olga Carries On*, by Michael Bond (Hastings House, $5.95), is—unlikely as it may seem—a literate guinea pig. She has a lively social life and says original things like "Oh, dust! Dust and mogeration!"

It's a good season for poetry. First off, there's David McCord's *One at a Time: His Collected Poems for the Young* (Little, Brown, $10.95). McCord is the dean of children's poetry, and his poems are so good it's impossible to stand by the title. • Then there's a young Canadian poet, Dennis Lee, who has written *Nicholas Knock and Other People* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95), handsomely illustrated by Frank Newfield. Mostly good silliness here. "There was a man who never was./This tragedy occurred because/His parents, being none too smart,/Were born two hundred years apart." • The ubiquitous John Gardner turns up this season with *A Child's Bestiary* (Knopf, $4.95). Again, superior nonsense: "If somebody offers you a Bear, bow low/And say no."

From poetry to song is a logical step. *The Holiday Song Book*, selected and illustrated by Robert Quackenbush (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $9.95), contains 100 tunes. Nicely done. • *The Frogs Who Wanted a King: And Other Songs from La Fontaine*, collected by Edward Smith and illustrated by Margot Zemach (Four Winds/ Scholastic, $11.95), is a beautiful up-to-date adaptation of a French eighteenth-century children's music book.

Each season brings many books with lots of information about nature and science. I will list the ones I think all libraries should have. First, *The Living World*, a sort of encyclopedia of nature, all in one heavily illustrated volume (Warwick/Watts, $5.95)—a bargain. The book originated in England, so I suppose the board of editors can be forgiven for saying that the only wild horses to be found in the world are in Mongolia. • *Giant Animals*, by Howard E. Smith, Jr., illustrated by John Lane (Doubleday, $4.95), is about just that, and quite amusing, too. • There are close-up photographs of the damnedest-looking creatures you ever saw in *Little Monsters*, by M. Jean Craig (Dial, $6.50). Craig's Wolf Spider and the Water Bear outdo any oddity in Star Wars. • *Cougar*, by Kay McDearmon (Dodd, Mead, $4.95), fascinated me. There are an estimated 6,500 of these cats in the States, and they're variously called cougars, mountain lions, panthers, pumas, and catamounts. • *Beneath Your Feet*, by Seymour Simon, illustrated by Daniel Nevins (Walker, $5.95), is about soil, and why not? Lots of experiments for kids. • In *How Birds Fly*, by Russell Freedman, illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund (Holiday House, $6.95), that's exactly what you find out, and it seems a miracle that the birds ever get off the ground. • *Peeper, First Voice of Spring*, by Robert M. McClung, illustrated by Carol Lerner (Morrow, $5.95), tells about that dear little frog (and all the other woodland creatures) waking up. • Now something for the horse-mad girl. Jill Krementz photographed *A Very Young Rider* (Knopf, $8.95) with her pony in the stable and at shows, in a lavish and informative oversize book, and now I feel I know a great deal about that world.

To turn to informative books of other kinds: *The Art of Photography*, by Shirley Glubok (Macmillan, $7.95), is an extremely neat and handsome history, talking about and illustrating the great photogra-

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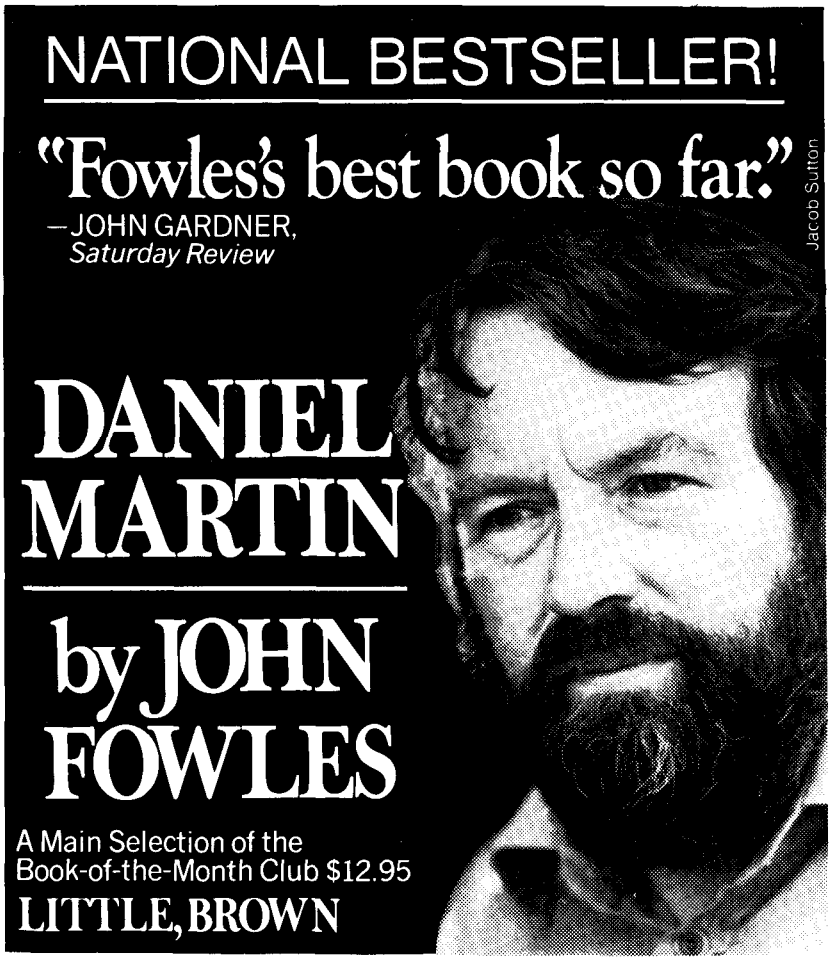
phers from Daguerre on down. • *The House on Stink Alley: A Story About the Pilgrims in Holland,* by F. N. Monjo (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95), is a novelization of the Pilgrims' flight from England to Leyden, where they lived for 12 years before coming to America. • *The Sunday Whirligig*, by Alberta Eiseman, illustrated by Reisie Lonette (Atheneum, $5.95), is a fiction—set in New England in the last century—wherein a small boy is taught by a wood-carver how to make a wind toy. You'll learn how, too. • Here's a fascinating book: *The Island of Nose*, by Annie M. G. Schmidt, illustrated (and how!) by Jan Marinus Verburg, both of whom come from Holland (Methuen, $8.95). In *huge* format, we get a tale of a boy who leaves home and has fantastic adventures among monsters, demons, and magicians. What color! What imagination! The book is too large for a library shelf, which may be just as well, for one picture in particular will bring out the raving censor in all but the most liberal librarians.

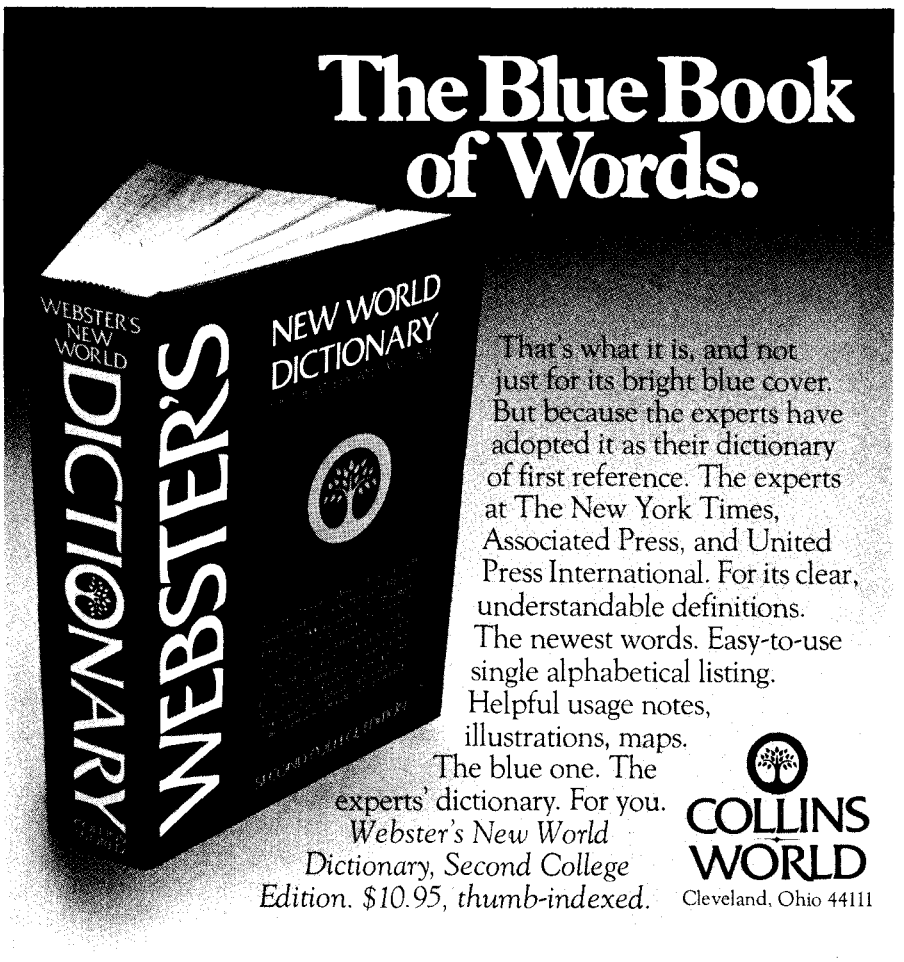
For Younger Children (Roughly 3 to 8)

The picture book of the season has to be *Noah's Ark*, illustrated by Peter Spier (Doubleday, $6.95). The book starts off with Mr. Spier's own translation of a seventeenth-century Dutch poem, and there's not a word in it thereafter, just marvelously detailed and delicately colored drawings of Noah, the ark, the rains, and above all, the animals. Funny, too. The mess in the ark reminded me of a couplet I jotted down some months ago: " 'Holy Moses!' said Old Man Noah,/'Who's gonna help me clean this flo-ah?' " • Oddly, there's another good book on the biblical rains, *Noah and the Great Flood*, by an Englishman, Warwick Hutton (Margaret K. McElderry/Atheneum, $7.95). The ark is a lot neater, the animals more ruly than Spier's, and there's text; also a handsome job, but I go more for the Spier.

That great man William Steig is back with a picture book, *Caleb & Kate* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95), about a carpenter who falls asleep in the woods and, much to his horror, is transformed into a dog by a wicked witch. He returns to his cabin and his loving wife in that form, and off we go! • The two main characters in *A Flea Story: I Want to Stay Here! I Want to Go There!* by Leo Lionni (Pantheon, $5.95), are fleas. The homebody flea wants to stay on the

William Cole's latest children's book is A Boy Named Mary Jane and Other Silly Verse.

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That's what it is, and not just for its bright blue cover. But because the experts have adopted it as their dictionary of first reference. The experts at The New York Times, Associated Press, and United Press International. For its clear, understandable definitions. The newest words. Easy-to-use single alphabetical listing. Helpful usage notes, illustrations, maps. The blue one. The experts' dictionary. For you.
Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition. $10.95, thumb-indexed.
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dog, but his friend the adventurer wants to try the chicken, the mole, and so forth. They're never seen, but speak in balloons above the various creatures. • Delicate color is the thing with *The Seeing Stick*, by Jane Yolen, illustrated by Remy Charlip and Demetra Maraslis (Crowell, $6.95). The story—about a Chinese princess who's blind and an old man who carves feelable pictures on a "seeing stick"—begins in black and white and halfway through shifts gradually to color. • We get another Chinese princess in *All the King's Horses*, fetchingly illustrated with watercolors by Michael Foreman (Bradbury, $7.95). This princess is tough: "I don't want a husband I can throw downstairs!" She can lick any man in the kingdom; then the woodcutter's son comes along.... • Handsome illustrations abound in *Tales from Times Past*, edited by Bryan Holme (Studio/Viking, $10). The stories of Grimm, Wilde, Perrault, and such, illustrated by Cruikshank, Dulac, Greenaway, Rackham, and others. To show and read to a small child. • Cyndy Szekeres has written and illustrated *Long Ago* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95), which shows how Americans lived a couple of centuries ago. Informative, although the inhabitants are pictured as bunny rabbits, squirrels, and the like.

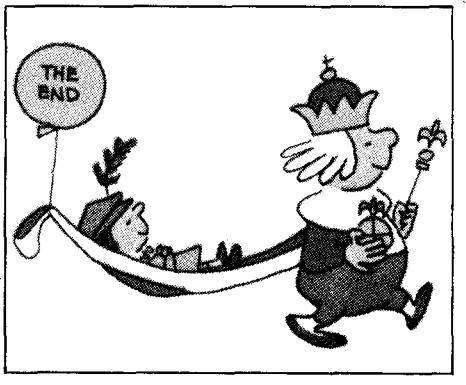
Amifika, by Lucille Clifton, illustrated by Thomas DiGrazia (Dutton, $5.95), is for the youngest. Tells of a little black child whose father, whom he can't remember, is coming home from the army. Ingenious and touching. • *Hugo and the Man Who Stole Colors*, by Tony Ross (Follett, $6.95), is an English-originated tale of a wicked chap who stole the colors from a book, then the brown from a rabbit, the green from a landscape—and made himself variegated. • Now we come to the Russian department: *The Telephone*, by Kornei Chukovsky, translated by William Jay Smith and illustrated by Blair Lent (Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, $6.95), and *The Little Hen and the Giant*, by Maria Polushkin, illustrated by Yuri Salzman (Harper & Row, $6.95). The former is about a Russian town inhabited by animals who constantly telephone Polar Bear with one problem and another. The verse is adroit and the Russian background, authentic. The latter tells of a tough little hen who isn't scared when somebody says to her, "Do you know how big that giant is? That giant is GIANT." She pursues him and oddly enough, drowns him. • In *Strangers' Bread*, by Nancy Willard, illustrated by David McPhail (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $4.95), Anatole sets out with his wagon to deliver a loaf of bread. En route he meets up with a hungry fox, a hungry rabbit, and a likewise bear. Guess what happens to his bread? • I like *The Story of Edward*, which comes to us from France. It's written and illustrated by Philippe Dumas (Parents', $5.95 cloth, $1.95 paper) and tells of a darling waltzing donkey. His master dies, and the animal is out in the world on his own. I love the color drawing of his donkey wife singing at the piano, "Hee-Haw! Hee-Haw!"

Now a bunch of funny ones: *Hey, Kid!* by Rita Golden Gelman, illustrated by Carol Nicklaus (Watts, $3.95), gives us a kid who befriends a funny-looking ghost-like creature only to find that the whatever-it-is never stops talking. The moral is that even something that looks interesting can be terribly boring. • There's a fine messy style to *Marc Brown's Full House* (Addison-Wesley, $5.95), which features monsters, cats, freeloaders, and pure nonsense. In the monster's bathroom we see a tube of slime and jars of frog eyes and ox livers. Funny, funny drawings. • Fernando Krahn's current contribution is *A Funny Friend from Heaven* (Lippincott, $6.95), wherein a male angel with a derby joins a down-and-out bum—both of them made up as clowns—in some wild adventures. Nice spirit. • In *Santa's Crash-Bang Christmas*, by Steven Kroll, illustrated by Tomie de Paola (Holiday House, $6.95), Saint Nick is a dreadful bumbler who knocks over the tree and mistakenly packs a polar bear in his bag, all of which is righted by Gerald, the elf. • How can you turn a pumpkin into a squash? Why, drop it from the roof of the barn! Such stuff abounds in *Riddle Rat*, by Donald Hall, illustrated by Mort Gerberg (Warne, $5.95). It's not just riddles, but an ingenious story of a clever rat who uses them to his own ends. • Scratch-and-sniff books don't have long lives, but they're fun while they last. Here's *Professor Wormbog's Gloomy Kerploppus*, by Mercer Mayer (Golden, $3.95), in which a ludicrous story is woven around little scratch pads actually smelling of grapes, cucumbers, flowers, paint, coconuts, and candy canes. • Also nonlasting is *The Most Amazing Hide-and-Seek Alphabet Book*, by Robert Crowther (Kestrel/Viking, $5.95). The pages of the book have tabs on them that you pull for each letter of the alphabet—pull *p* and a parrot peeks out; *o* is an owl. I give it one afternoon with an active little kid.

Something should be said about paperbacks. There are plenty of bargains this season. The best is *The Funny Book*, by Jack Kent (Golden, $1.95). His drawings make me laugh out loud, and it's a book of utterly ridiculous sight gags, puns, elephant jokes. "How do you keep an elephant from going through the eye of a needle?" "Tie a knot in his tail." • Two marvelous Raymond Briggs books are now available in Puffin editions: *Father Christmas* and *Father Christmas Goes on Holiday*, $1.50 each. • *Ladybug, Ladybug*, by Robert Kraus (Windmill/Dutton, $1.95), is about a small boy alarmist who sends the forest creatures to help Ladybug, whose house isn't burning at all.

To turn to something really wacky, take a look at *A Comick Book of Sports*, by Arnold Roth (Scribner's, $6.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). This top cartoonist rags every sport known to western man. He has a picture of "Very Bad Minton" and some ridiculous text: "Is the tennis racket illegal?" "No! Illegal is a sick bird." Oh, dear.

If you don't mind the occasional broken limb, get *Skateboards and Skateboarding*, by Lavada Weir (Archway/Simon & Schuster, $1.25). You'll learn all about curbing, goofy-footing, hot-dogging, and endovers. End. Over. ◉



From The Funny Book

Wit Twister No. 107
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 53.

Your — — — — — — — —
mother surely would be vexed
If she knew how you've — — —
— — — — her good sheets!
Your gown — — — — — — —,
too? What will you think of next?
What runs so red along its — —
— — — — — pleats?
A bride should smile. — — — —
— — —, you drip with gloom.
Bad Lucy Ashton! What — — —
— — — — your groom?

A. S.

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Fine Print

Wings

by Doris Grumbach

I AM WILLING to wager that you will not come upon a more beautiful book this year, or for years to come, than *Rails of the World*. I would not go so far as to say that it is a useful book—how many trained or amateur ornithologists are there who would relish a learned monograph on the family Rallidae, familiarly called rails? This is not to demean S. Dillon Ripley's mind-boggling achievement in researching and writing this work over a period of 17 years. For the rail is a reclusive and elusive marsh bird that inhabits swamps, dense reeds, marshes, and even jungles. It is hard to see: The little black rail of the northeastern coast of the United States, for instance, is often heard but very seldom spotted. The birds within this family vary greatly in structure (if that is the proper word), coloration, and habits, as this superb book shows graphically. And it is their remarkable variety that makes the book so absorbing and aesthetically satisfying.

Ripley, who is the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has written the definitive work on rails, and his text cannot be put aside easily. But to me the real glory of the book is the 41 paintings by J. Fenwick Lansdowne. His work has been reproduced here with extraordinary skill and care by a fine Italian color press, Stamperia Valdonega, in Verona; the results are nothing short of perfection.

In order to represent these rails accurately, it was necessary in many cases to have eight color separations, which were prepared magnificently in Milan by Parabolik. The typography and arrangement of text and illustration—the *sine qua non* of fine bookmaking—were executed by Crimilda Pontes, one of this country's most distinguished graphic designers. A small but charming point: Pontes went to the trouble of borrowing some rails from the National Zoo so that she could have them leave their tracks on wet sand and then reproduce the results for the end pages.

You may find these details about the production of *Rails* tedious. But they should explain why someone will pay $75 for the book, published by David R. Godine in Boston, and $400 (yes, you've read it correctly) for the deluxe edition, which is bound in leather and imported linen, signed by both the author and the illustrator, and comes beautifully boxed with a loose, signed original lithograph.

Ripley's scholarship, his detailed and painstaking descriptions of the birds, their habits, and their habitats, are, of course, the *reason* for the book. But one cannot disregard the illustrations. They are so good that they have texture, which is to say that they make you want to touch the feathers, stroke the small, fuzzy birds, and run your hand over the reeds and marsh grass that are the setting for the birds themselves. To look at Lansdowne's beautiful work is to recall John James Audubon's.

Last spring I visited an elderly lady who was the proud possessor of Audubon's seven-volume set, *Birds of America*. These books had been in her family since their first appearance in 1844. They had been sold by subscription beginning in 1840, and the list of persons who agreed to pay $1,000 after reading only the prospectus Audubon had prepared is printed in the first volume. The sum was, of course, a considerable investment, but it paid off eventually. Five generations of the elderly lady's family have had the pleasure of Audubon's lovely representations of birds, some of which have the same qualities that Lansdowne's paintings possess: magnificent draftsmanship, fine coloring, a tactile quality to the small bodies, a reality achieved by the posture and location of the birds. Incidentally, a copy of the original Audubon set was recently sold at auction for close to $6,000. John Winterich, in his essay on Audubon, has pointed out that if a family had put $1,000 in the bank in 1844, the sum would by now have swelled to $25,000 (I think he may have failed to notice the bite inheritance taxes would have taken from it). But his point is clear. Savings are a better financial investment, but books afford vast pleasure to their owners.

Add *Rails of the World* to that special repository of fine books that will reward the buyer far beyond the cost. The edition is limited to 4,600 copies, each of which represents a better investment than Standard Oil or real estate in San Diego. ◉

The Book of Merlyn

BY T. H. WHITE

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Prologue by Sylvia Townsend Warner

This is the final chapter of the tale that inspired *Camelot*. "Enthusiasts for White's touching, profound, funny and tragic story will not want to miss the version, for it is the true and intended ending of the great work and contains some of White's best writing . . . filled with poignance and marvelous power."—Robert Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times*
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Cézanne: The Autumn Years

by Barbara Rose

"CÉZANNE: THE LATE WORK," the major offering of the Museum of Modern Art this year, was well worth the years of preparation and vast sums required to assemble more than 100 paintings and watercolors executed by the master between 1895 and his death in 1906. Drawn from collections throughout the world, many of the works have never before been exhibited publicly. Grouped together according to subject, the variations on the themes that occupied Cézanne during the last decade of his life, when he lived virtually as a hermit in his native town of Aix-en-Provence, emerge as moving examples of the aging artist's grappling again and again with a limited series of subjects he knew intimately, as if to distill their very essence.

When seen juxtaposed—for the first time in such comprehensive depth—the alternate versions of Mont Ste. Victoire, Cézanne's most celebrated landscape view, and the nearby rock quarry of Bibémus and forest of Château Noir reveal to us the artist's painful process of revising his perception of a subject by painting it from different points of view. We cannot really speak of these variations on a given set of themes, which became increasingly circumscribed as Cézanne grew older and more fixed in his preoccupations, as works in series; however, the visible progression from more naturalistic to more abstract versions of a motif must be seen as a turning point for the entire history of modern art.

Oddly, there is great excitement surrounding the exhibition of the works of an artist who has been dead more than 60 years. But this excitement is as much a product of the complexity of the late works, which perhaps are still not fully understood, as it is a reflection of Cézanne's position as *the* pivotal figure in the history of modernism. Today, when so much provincial, naïve, obsessional, and "far out" art is being cultivated and exhibited, a fresh look at the source of the "mainstream" tradition—a tradition that preserved the viable elements of old master painting and translated them into modern terms—is both refreshing and tonic.

There is no question that the late works hint at the alienation from nature that soon became the hallmark of the art of the industrial age. Yet it is important to realize once again that Cézanne painted from life. His still lifes, landscapes, and portraits, especially the late works—the views he especially loved—may resemble each other more than they do specific objects, sites, or people; but they are invested with a poignancy and feeling that is very intimate and subjective.

There is a grand impersonality in Cézanne's late works that invests even the most humble subject with a monumental grandeur, even as it reduces all human, vegetable, and plant forms, the organic and the inorganic, to the common denominator of the texture of paint and the structure of the individual brushstroke. The result of this equalization is that the nude bathers are no more or less erotic than the rocks or apples; they are painted with feeling, but that feeling is not precisely, or at least not entirely, within the range of human emotions about human relationships. For particularly in Cézanne's mature works, the element of the transcendental dominates any subjective passion. The adjective *heroic* is often used in describing the late works; and surely there is a tragic pathos in observing the artist trying again and again to come to terms with the limitations of human vision as he painted and repainted, considering and revising each contour and patch of color until edge was no longer boundary and shape was no longer definitively solid. Questioning the reality of appearances, Cézanne defined the modern attitude of doubt, skepticism, and self-criticism. His world, like ours, was in constant flux, a shifting ground the artist felt compelled to attempt to freeze into permanent form—or failing that, to represent as a solid as well as a shifting entity.

In many respects the Cézanne exhibition serves as a counterweight to the equally comprehensive and equally relevant Duchamp retrospective held last year at the Museum of Modern Art. Duchamp summed up the anti-art climate of the late Sixties and early Seventies; the complex, difficult, disturbing late works of Cézanne are more likely to be appreciated today, when the spirit—in the art world as elsewhere—is sober, reflective, and conservative.

Because the germ of Cubism and all future abstract art that stemmed from it is contained in Cézanne's philosophical and sometimes fragmentary late works, the interest in that phase of his career is particularly great at this moment of reappraisal of modernism. Cézanne's balance between representation and abstraction strikes an important chord today, when so many artists are re-evaluating the possibilities of representation and becoming critical of the absence of direct human referents in abstract art. For them Cézanne's art represents a perhaps unobtainable equilibrium between the objective external reality he painted and the internal world of turbulent feeling that caused him to distort and transform what he saw into an expression of his own sensitivities and emotions. Cézanne is very much a living issue now; his was that rare moment when the external world could be held up for question without losing its sense of reality for the artist.

The greatness of Cézanne's late works in the context of a contemporary view seems to stem not from their originality or innovation, but from their fundamentally conservative point of departure. Indeed, Cézanne was not only a conservative but a reactionary who complained bitterly at each new incursion of industry into his beloved countryside. His conservative spirit today seems paradoxically new, a point of departure rather than of closure—the intensity of his vision far more continually shocking than the transitory *frisson* of the intentionally outrageous, which wears off and is forgotten.

If one interprets "Cézanne: The Late Work" as a polemic, it posits the option of a new conservatism in art opposed to Duchampian aesthetics. As such, it is sure to provoke welcome and necessary commentary. But more than a polemic, it is a stunning exhibition, full of unquestioned masterpieces. The catalog, edited by William Rubin, director of MOMA's paint-

Barbara Rose is the author of American Art Since 1900 and other books on art. She is currently making a documentary on the painter Lee Krasner.

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ing and sculpture, which contains texts by Rubin and the two other directors of the exhibition, John Rewald and Theodore Reff, as well as essays by other leading Cézanne authorities, significantly advances our thinking in regard to the meaning of Cézanne's late works.

In every respect this is an exemplary exhibition: A triumph of scholarship and connoisseurship, it brings before the public works never before assembled, revealing their interrelationships and placing them within the context of Cézanne's own oeuvre in particular and the history of modern art in general. A free brochure informs the public of the basic facts of Cézanne's career and contribution. For more serious students the weighty catalog (still a bargain at $17.50 in paperback) reproduces all of the works exhibited and provides extensive commentary on each one as well.

There are few, if any, modern artists of the stature of Cézanne—only Manet and Picasso can be said to have altered the course of art so decisively and permanently—and we will not see another exhibition of this caliber soon again, if only because no other artist of our epoch produced so many works of such quality with the same consistency as the master of Aix. The exhibition is impeccable, worthy of the unique resources of the Museum of Modern Art, which is probably the only institution capable of organizing such a show. Because the whole enterprise was thought out so thoroughly, the exhibition stands as a model of both an educational and an aesthetic experience. For the first time in my memory the general public, the art world, and the art history community are equally served.

The ambition, scope, and achievement of "Cézanne: The Late Work" should force some serious dialogue regarding both the future role of the Museum of Modern Art, which seems so much better equipped for historical shows of this nature than it is for dealing with the confusion of contemporary art, and the best use of federal funds (the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities cosponsored the exhibition with IBM) with regard to the ongoing popular-elitist controversy. For if this exhibition of a so-called elite artist—Cézanne—organized by a so-called elitist institution—the Museum of Modern Art—in that radical center of elitism—the damned, despised, and deliberately financially deprived city of New York—proves to be as popular as I believe it will, then "Why not the best?" may yet become a new slogan in federal and corporate arts funding. ◉

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The Movies

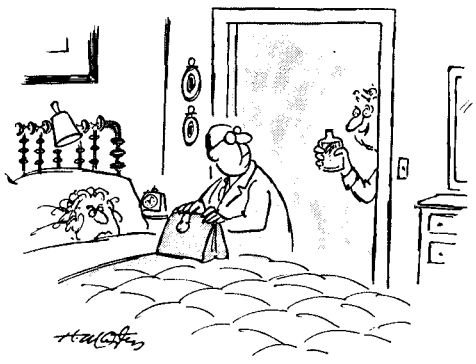
A Bad Case of Satyriasis

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT was offered the script of *Bobby Deerfield* and turned it down—because he did not like either the ambience of car racing or the theme of the dying heroine. Instead he made *The Man Who Loved Women* from a script of his own.

Like *The Story of Adele H*, *The Man Who Loved Women* deals with an obsession. The hero has an advanced case of satyriasis. Everywhere he looks, he sees women—slim, pretty, twinkling down the street in their light dresses and high heels. Their legs fill his vision and his mind, their bodies his bed. They tend to adore him, but he moves on restlessly from one to the next. "You refuse to love or be loved," one tells him. "What turns you on is the idea of love." He writes a book, perhaps in an unconscious attempt to explain himself to himself. His promiscuous mother, consumed by her own love affairs, had denied her son's existence and given him an irremediable sense of worthlessness. "If you don't love yourself," his beautiful editor finally tells him, "you can't love anyone else." But he is a condemned man, beyond salvation. A truck kills him as he dashes across a street in pursuit of still one more pretty face. Only women attend his funeral.

Truffaut's great strength as a director has been his delicate sense of truth in human relations. The episodes proceed gently, even when one woman, a charming exhibitionist marvelously played by Nelly Borgeaud, shoots her own husband in the midst of her affair with the hero. *The Man Who Loved Women* is as far from a porno film as could be. Eroticism is suggested, never displayed. The mood is tragicomic.



'Would it help any, Doc, if I drank to her health?''

It is not major Truffaut; nor has it the exquisite sense of rightness of his best minor films, like *Day for Night*. One trouble is that Charles Denner is too stolid and resistible as the man. It is a thankless role at best, for there is no development of character from beginning to end and little revelation along the way. The film too is insufficiently inventive. Except for the really very funny Nelly Borgeaud sequence, the episodes are too much alike. A certain monotony begins to descend.

Yet *The Man Who Loved Women* is suffused with Truffaut's fine sense of respect for human variety and frailty. It also contains jokes about himself: the cat successfully licking a dish on camera, the scene so exasperatingly rehearsed in *Day for Night*. And it contains characteristic gestures of homage for cinematic tradition. Brigitte Fossey, a far more handsome editor than most writers are likely to encounter in a publishing house, appears first in a cemetery—in a scene that recalls her debut a quarter of a century ago as the little girl playing in the cemetery in Rene Clement's *Forbidden Games*.

One wonders what Truffaut would have done after all with *Bobby Deerfield*. As directed by Sidney Pollack from a forgotten novel by Erich Maria Remarque, *Bobby Deerfield* is an old-fashioned tearjerker decked out in smart and stylish modernity. Like so many Remarque characters, Bobby Deerfield, a racing-car driver, an American in Europe, is haunted by the fear of death. He is, we soon discover, a frozen man, incapable of expressing emotion; he too refuses to love or to be loved. His brother in rage and despair cries out to him: "Shall I let you know when our mother dies?" Bobby Deerfield cannot answer.

Bobby Deerfield meets a girl who knows she is dying and therefore cherishes life, surprise, spontaneity. She recognizes in the driver a man obsessed by death, and this at first interests her; but then Deerfield bores her because he cannot confront his obsession. When he learns she is dying, he at last is released from his own spell, and she at last can love him. Marthe Keller is a big, strapping beauty, rather too healthy for a dying girl; but she plays the role excitingly, conveying lucidly and without self-pity the inflections of imminent death, from incipient hysteria to serene acceptance. Given the right roles, she could be one of the great European actresses of the time.

But Al Pacino, a most skillful performer, is, I believe, miscast. Perhaps, with his Italian features and grace, he is insufficiently American to convey the implied contrast between American innocence and European experience. (When Truffaut was offered the script, Paul Newman was penciled in for the role.) The movie is luxuriantly filmed by Henri Decae (who worked with Truffaut on *The 400 Blows*) on location in France, Switzerland, and Italy. Pollack has dressed it up with Felliniesque touches—the magician at the sanitarium and a spectacularly lovely balloon race. But for all the surface sophistication, it remains an old-fashioned tearjerker at heart.

Some of the scenes have the ring of human truth nevertheless. This is what is notably lacking in Agnes Varda's *One Sings, The Other Doesn't*. Here the idea is fresh and arresting: the contrasting lives of two French women over a span of 15 years, both in quest of identity as women in a society dominated by weak and selfish males. But the rendition is contrived, flat-footed, and pedantic. One does not particularly believe in the women, their friendship, their taste in men, the men themselves, the passage of time, or the impact of their experiences; and not believing, one stops caring. Nor are the performances strong enough to breathe life and reality into what is essentially an illustrated argument. As Engels wrote long ago (about Balzac), "The more the opinions of the author remain hidden, the better for the work of art." ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 96

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 52.

WDPZ BNPZDEH NP AFPZ MDPPNX ZBJZ BJP MEDGI DCT MEJ-KLUFCCH.

—PHTILH A. BJEENP

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Scienceletter

Birth Defects: Not for Babies Only

by Albert Rosenfeld

Montreal

THE INTERNATIONAL Conference on Birth Defects is a once-every-four-years event sponsored by the National Foundation-March of Dimes. This year's conference (the fifth) brought together some 750 biomedical scientists from 40 nations for a full calendar week of nonstop meetings and workshops. Sitting through the multitude of presentations and discussions, one could not help being impressed by how astonishingly much has been learned since the last conference, in Vienna in 1973, and by how vast are the areas of ignorance that still remain. A case in point is the new capacity to map human genes—that is, to assign a given, known gene to a specific chromosome, and even to a specific site on that chromosome. Thanks to new staining and banding techniques that make it possible to visualize chromosomes in novel ways and thanks to the capacity to fuse and hybridize cells of different species (Scienceletter, July 9), cell geneticists have in the past few years been able to map well over 100 human genes. Truly remarkable progress. But the human genome—the whole package of genetic instructions—is estimated to carry something like *100,000* genes. Even so, geneticists believe that the mapping of as much as a single thousand of those genes would take us a long way toward a critical understanding of the rest. Besides, as the National Foundation's Joseph Mori has pointed out, "*where* genes are, rather than *what* genes are, may turn out to be the decisive element in distinguishing Tarzan from Cheetah."

Even the most exciting advances in our understanding tend to remind us of how much still evades our understanding. In one series of experiments, for example, Dr. Nicole LeDouarin of France's Institut d'Embryologie at Nogent-sur-Marne described ingenious new techniques for tracking the migrations of certain cells in the developing embryo. In the early embryo, the neural crest, a group of cells sitting atop the neural tube (which ultimately produces the nervous system), is of particular interest because these cells detach themselves from the tube and wander in many directions, far from their original site, before they differentiate into other kinds of cells. By transplanting the neural crest of a Japanese quail into a chick embryo, Dr. LeDouarin was able to track the extensive wanderings of the neural crest cells in great detail. She could do this because even though the birds belong to closely related species (otherwise the embryo could not thrive), the quail cells are sufficiently distinguishable from the chick tissue so they can be followed to their destinations. LeDouarin discovered that in forming certain parts of the body, the neural crest is influential in ways previously unsuspected. Yet, apart from tantalizing clues and speculations, no one really knows what makes those cells migrate at exactly the right time—and how they "know" precisely where to go. (The absence of even a small piece of this knowledge may result in a birth defect.)

In like manner, Dr. Richard L. Gardner of Oxford reminded the audience of earlier experiments in which embryonic mouse cells were injected into the rapidly dividing cells of another mouse embryo prior to its implantation in the uterine wall. Under these circumstances, the injected cells could simply incorporate themselves into the growing embryo to form a "chimeric" mouse, an animal produced by the combined genetic information of both animals. (The word derives from the "Chimera" of Greek mythology, a she-monster made up of parts from various animals.) "As a matter of fact," said Gardner, "a single injected cell may produce half of the resulting composite creature." Now, if the injected cells are taken from a teratocarcinoma (an embryonic cancer), these abnormal cells are somehow tamed and rendered nonmalignant. They act like normal cells, develop and differentiate normally, do their expected part all the way to the creation of a healthy, chimeric mouse—which has employed the genes of the donor cells without inheriting their cancer! How and why this occurs remains a mystery. (For that matter, we still have no idea what causes—or permits—the phenomenon which has been referred to as "our most common congenital anomaly": identical twins.)

Much of the mystery seems to reside in the how and why of turning genes on and off at appropriate times. A good deal of attention was devoted in Montreal to gene regulation, especially to the role of the chromosomal proteins—those proteins that, along with DNA itself, are an integral part of the chromosomes, and without which genetic information can neither be expressed, nor repressed, nor "de-repressed" for renewed expression when the need arises. Papers from Rockefeller University, Baylor University, and the University of Florida spelled out some of the possible mechanisms by which genes are switched on and off—as required in normal development, or as occurs inadvertently in cancer.

Perhaps the closest to arriving at an answer to gene turn-on during development was a presentation by Dr. Arnold I. Caplan of Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, a piece of work described by Dr. Samuel J. Ajl, the National Foundation's vice-president for research, as "one of the most elegant experiments reported by one of our grantees in the last few years." If one looks at a primitive "mesenchymal," or connective tissue, cell in the embryonic limb of a chick, one can see that the cell is as yet uncommitted; it can go on to become either muscle or cartilage (and eventually bone). How does it make its decision? It turns out that switching on the genes necessary to induce the cell to become muscle rather than cartilage requires a substance called poly (ADP-ribose), a unique nucleic acid bound to the chromosomes. This may be the first specific "differentiation molecule" to be identified in higher organisms. Poly (ADP-ribose), however, must be specifically manufactured for the occasion. And how does that come to pass?

It happens only when there is a sufficient buildup of a ubiquitous cellular compound called NAD (nicotinamide adenine dinucleotide), which in itself cannot occur unless added supplies of nicotinamide are somehow brought in. And this comes about simply through the growth of new blood vessels. The sequence, then, for mesenchymal cells at the brink of decision, goes something like this: Newly formed blood vessels bring to these cells quantities of nicotinamide, making possible the buildup of NAD and consequently the manufacture of poly(ADP-ribose), which is then capable of switching on the genetic information the cell requires in order to convert to muscle. Those mesenchymal cells in areas where new blood vessels *fail* to appear, which therefore remain poor in nicotinamide, become cartilage (and later

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bone) cells instead.

One might further ask: How do the blood vessels know where to grow? And what makes growth take place? The first answer is still unknown, but a clue to the second was offered in Montreal by Dr. Denis Gospodarowicz, who, while at the Salk Institute (he recently moved to the University of California at San Francisco), discovered and isolated, in both the brain and the pituitary, a hormone he called FGF (fibroblast growth factor). Its growth-promoting qualities were first observed in laboratory cultures of those connective tissue cells known as fibroblasts. It has since become evident that FGF can also induce the growth of blood vessels. So it is reasonable to guess—though it has yet to be demonstrated—that FGF may be produced at just the right moment and may arrive at just the right locations to make the muscle-or-cartilage decision for those mesenchymal cells.

There are always more questions to ask, and no one pretends to know—or is likely to know for a long time, if ever—all we need to about the delicate, subtly nuanced interplay between genes and the rest of the developing organism. In order to give out their information, genes clearly must first *receive* critical information from their surroundings—from the shifting geometry and geography and temporal sequences of a constantly on-the-move body of proliferating cells, capable of communicating with one another via their permeable membranes. This critical information signals the organism's readiness for the genes to take the next step.

THIS RAPIDLY accumulating body of knowledge makes further pursuit of the birth defects problem irresistible, especially when one considers the problem's magnitude. In the United States alone, 200,000 babies are born each year with structural or metabolic defects; 1.2 million victims of all ages are hospitalized for treatment; 62,000 die. This does not take into account an additional 50,000 "low birth weight" babies who, because they weigh less than 4.5 pounds, enter the world at great risk, their organs and systems not yet ready to cope with the extrauterine environment. Dr. Joseph Warshaw of Yale said flatly, in Montreal, "Low birth weight represents the most common significant human malformation." (Hence the recent emphasis on improved perinatal care and nutrition education for expectant mothers and the increased use of such slogans as "to protect the newborn and the unborn.") Nor do the statistics take into consideration the half-million or so annual miscarriages and stillbirths, most of them the result of something gone wrong in development.

There is no knowing, at this point, how much of what goes wrong may be due to environmental factors. "In birth defects," said Dr. Barton Childs of Johns Hopkins University, "the nongenetic elements involve not only drugs, diet, teratogens, carcinogens, and the like, but the social and cultural conditions that predispose to their distribution and consumption." He set the tone for a renewed focus of interest on the environmental and sociocultural aspects of the problem. Dr. F. Clarke Fraser of Montreal's McGill University summed up the feeling when he implored: "Let us not allow our desire to make better babies for the world override our obligation to make the world better for babies."

Despite the constant reference to babies as a central concern, it became increasingly clear at this year's conference that birth defects are not the province of babies alone. Most of us probably do tend to think of a birth defect as something visible, or at least detectable, *at* birth—cleft palate, clubfoot, a deformed spine or limbs, polydactyly (extra fingers or toes), and the like—an image perhaps reinforced by the pictures of crippled children on the fund-raising posters. But many defects do not make themselves evident for months or even years—and some not until quite late in life. Werner's Syndrome, to take one of many examples, is a disease that mimics aging, affecting nearly all the body's functional systems. It does not show itself until the teens or twenties, yet it is caused by a single faulty gene. The same is true of that terrible neurological disease, Huntington's chorea, though its symptoms do not usually appear until the victim has reached his forties or fifties. (This is the malady that afflicted Woody Guthrie. His talented son Arlo has a 50–50 chance of facing the same hereditary fate.)

Presentations in Montreal highlighted certain forms of cancer and heart disease as being largely genetic in origin. (The members of Napoleon Bonaparte's family were at high risk of coming down with a type of familial gastrointestinal cancer.) Most striking in this category is LDL (low-density lipoproteins) deficiency, a discovery made by a brilliant team of investigators at the University of Texas Health Science Center, in Dallas. It reveals that a single-gene defect that renders its victims deficient in cell receptors for LDL, thus causing excessive accumulations of cholesterol, may be the direct instigator of a significant proportion of deaths from heart attacks before age forty-five.

Moreover, there appear to be in nearly all the major diseases—including those never thought of as genetic—some genetic components that are difficult to assess and measure in our current state of knowledge. These are the so-called polygenic multifactorial diseases—involving perhaps more than one gene and more than one environmental factor in complex interaction—in which geneticists such as Great Britain's Dr. Cedric O. Carter have taken a special interest. They may include most of the malignant and cardiovascular diseases, including hypertension, as well as diabetes, autoimmune and immune-deficiency diseases, and some forms of arthritis, kidney disease, and mental illness. In a family that may have a special susceptibility to a disease not specifically genetic in character, some family members may have a higher risk threshold than others, though the disease will occur only if the individual at risk encounters the particular circumstances or environmental factors or stresses that make actual what is otherwise only potential. It may be that nearly all of us carry faulty genes of one kind or another that are never expressed—or are expressed in ways that we do not yet recognize. "There may," says Dr. Childs, "be some irreducible minimum of birth defects as the result of both that genetic variability, which is essential to the survival of the human species, and an environmental variability, which technology causes to proliferate at a dizzying rate."

Even at that, the millions of birth defects that occur every year around the world are a very long way indeed from any "irreducible minimum." And what has been learned so far gives us every reason to hope that we can make substantial inroads into the overall problem of birth defects—which, it begins to appear, we can never be certain, at any age, that we have altogether escaped. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 135

Robert E. Hood:
The Gashouse Gang

"The runner slud into second," Dizzy would announce. A shortstop did not throw to first; he "threwed" it.... When English teachers protested the way he mangled the language, Diz appeared undisturbed.

"Lots of people that don't say 'ain't,' he retorted, "ain't eatin'."

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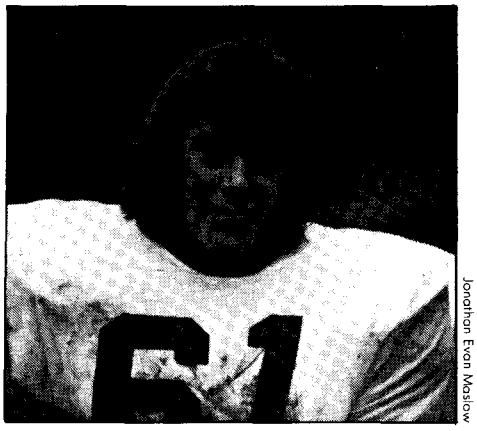
Sporting Life

At Tackle, Ms. Tammy Lee Mercer

by Jonathan Evan Maslow



Jonathan Evan Maslow

Ms. Mercer-"Plumb in love with football."

IN HER white jersey with the big maroon numerals and her maroon helmet with the big anonymous face mask, Tammy Lee Mercer looks like any other high school football star. Between downs, she hulks at the line of scrimmage, anxiously grinding dirt in her palms and rubbing it off on her uniform, as boys have been doing for generations. She crouches into a three-point stance at her defensive tackle position, and at the snap she shoves the offensive lineman out of the way, hunches through the hole, and knocks the ballcarrier to the ground with the same regard a steel wrecking ball has for a summer bungalow. In her first high school game, in September, she hit an opposing runner so hard that the ball jarred loose. Tammy recovered the fumble, setting up her Amherst [Massachusetts] Regional High freshman football team for the tying touchdown.

"I'm the only girl playing and it's a little, uh, strange," she told me after the game. "The boys make faces at me and say all this stuff. I don't want to sound conceited, but I can do everything they can. I run just as fast, hit just as hard. I think I train harder and I'm in better shape. I'm short and stocky and I put my hair back; I don't look like a girl."

Indeed, not a bit. But although indistinguishable on the 40-yard line, Tammy Lee Mercer is nonetheless unique: She is one tough rolling stone in the avalanche of young women athletes granted equal opportunity in school athletics by the 1972 Title IX amendment to the Civil Rights Act. Title IX actually allows separation of the sexes in contact sports, but after medical evidence showed that women are less injury prone than men—as one doctor puts it, "You'd practically have to throw a woman from the third-floor window to injure her uterus"—Massachusetts feminists pushed through a tougher state measure known as Chapter 622.

In effect, the law sounds the tocsin for the all-male sports world. It mandates not only co-ed gym classes and equal pay for women coaches (both stipulated in Title IX) but also co-ed contact sports where no separate women's facilities are available. School athletic directors all over the state complained bitterly—although none, it may be noted, resigned their posts in protest. Last year, the phenomenon of "cross-overs"—girls playing traditionally boys' sports and vice versa—began in a minor way. On occasion a six-foot-five-inch boy appeared under the girls' volleyball net. A number of girls tried out for soccer, but here the new law proved no hindrance since the boys are as inept as the girls. A few brave young females played ice hockey, an experience likely to be replaced in coming years by the pleasanter thought of all-girl hockey teams. But Tammy Lee Mercer was the only girl in the western half of the state to try out for a high school football team.

She was no "walk-on." She came highly touted. Last year, Tammy tried out for the Amherst Youth Football League, the equivalent of baseball's little league. The coaches found that merely amusing until they saw her outrun and outpass the boys and smack the practice blocking sled like a Big Ten jock. Then they selected her second in the player drafts. She played line for the league champion McManus Vikings.

"Hi there! A short political message while you're waiting for the walk sign."

Tammy Lee is that rare gem in sports—a natural. She is blessed with a faultless physique, though one that anyone conditioned by the parade of malnourished media models might not think quite feminine. At fourteen, she stands five feet seven inches and weighs 135 pounds, having approximately the build of a Midwest farm boy before he begins his adolescent growth spurt into monsterdom. And as her mother, Mrs. Vickie Bull, says, "There's not even enough fat on Tammy to pinch." In fact, Tammy brings to mind a time when Americans came out of the heartland in a flying wedge—square shoulders, square jaw, rough, tussling farm kids with huge hearts, unlimited stamina, near-perfect innocence, and a stout measure of raw courage. That, after all, is what a football player should be about beneath all the pads. Mercer points out, for example, that she spurns extra chest protection. The boys' shoulder pads, she says, provide quite enough protection.

The ways of the young woman athlete are as routine as the chores of Hercules. On her family's struggling five-acre farm in rural Pelham, Massachusetts, Tammy has for years been lifting 100-pound grain sacks as part of her daily chores. She chops and carries wood all winter. She competes with four brothers and sisters in everything from running to gourmandising. "When I eat," she says, "I eat!" In the summer she bicycles 10 miles through the Berkshire Mountains into town to attend track practice, and after practice she bicycles 10 miles back—uphill all the way. She's in bed by eight, up at six to feed the animals, and as a result has never developed much taste for television—except, of course, for an occasional football game. Last year Tammy went out for the school track team, beginning with the events that came naturally—the 100- and 220-yard dashes. Later, she took up the discus and the shot put. She clocked 11.9 seconds in the 100-yard dash and threw the discus over 90 feet. Both are considered promising performances for a girl of her age and inexperience—not in the Nadia Comaneci class, to be sure, but certainly good enough to arouse hope that with careful coaching and guidance Tammy Lee Mercer's native abilities and

Continued on page 50

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Light Refractions

Rhetorical Misalliances

by Thomas H. Middleton

FOR SEVERAL YEARS one of my desk drawers has been the receptacle into which I've tossed scraps of paper bearing notations that I hope will be inspirational at some time in the future. By now, of course, the drawer is a hurrah's nest. "Hurrah's nest" is, in fact, written on one of those scraps of paper. I think I tossed it in there as an example of the sort of term I've never heard anyone use—the sort of term that I'd probably never have encountered if it weren't for the fact that I'm constantly nosing about in dictionaries. *Webster's New International, Second Edition (WNI, II)* tells us that a hurrah's nest is "a state of utmost confusion; a disordered heap; a mess. Colloq., U.S." *WNI, II* also says it can be pronounced either hur-rah's or hoo-rah's. Personally, I prefer hoo-rah's nest.

I was curious about the origin of the phrase, so I looked it up in Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* and found "hurra(h)'s nest. The utmost confusion; nautical from ca. 1845, but orig. (1829 or earlier) U.S.; prob. anglicised mainly by the popularity of R. H. Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, 1840."

I'm still ignorant as to the origin of the phrase.

Among the other scraps in my hurrah's nest of a desk drawer is one I put in there just a few weeks ago, probably on a Monday night. On it I'd jotted "½ time Chiefs 21 Raiders 13 Chiefs went into game overwhelming underdogs."

Obviously, I'd been watching a football game, and the announcer had said something like, "Well, that's the end of the first half. The Chiefs lead the Oakland Raiders 21 to 13. Kansas City went into this game overwhelming underdogs, and here they are, leading at half time." I was delighted by *overwhelming underdogs*, and I recall wondering whether the announcer was aware of his extraordinary conceptual confrontation. Did he think, "What did I just say? 'Overwhelming underdogs?' " I hope so. It was too good to ignore.

Overwhelming underdogs brought to mind a letter I got some time ago. I've rummaged through my hurrah's nest of an office looking for it, but I can't find it, so whoever wrote it will not get the credit he deserves, I'm sorry to say. He mentioned a piece in the newspaper, or perhaps it was a bit of TV commentary, that said, approximately, "The rate of unemployment among ghetto youth is abysmally high."

These phrases are almost, but not quite, oxymora. The difference is that an oxymoron is a rhetorical device in which opposite concepts are combined for effect. *Oxymoron* is from the Greek, meaning "pointedly foolish." The most commonly given examples of oxymora, I think, are "sweet sorrow" and "cruel kindness," but my own favorite is Senator Hayakawa's recent comment on the Panama Canal: "We stole it fair and square."

Overwhelming underdogs and *abysmally high* might better be called rhetorical misalliances than rhetorical devices. They're not very distant relatives of mixed metaphors. They are usually used by chance, I should think, although I've thought up a few of them just for fun: she was in a towering depression; he was given to uttering lofty profundities; we are witnessing a burgeoning recession.

I suppose the distinctive character of a rhetorical misalliance is, in part, that its contrast is not contrived for any sort of effect. At best it should be spontaneous and clearly understood. Only on reflection, however immediate or delayed, should its absurdity become evident. In that respect it is similar to an Irish bull. Just in case there's someone who doesn't know what an Irish bull is, it's a statement that is apparently cogent but that turns out to be nonsensical. The most famous example of an Irish bull is almost certainly "If she'd wanted a family, she shouldn't have married him; he comes from a long line of childless couples."

I don't recommend trying to think up new rhetorical misalliances. In the first place, as I said, they're best when they're spontaneous, and in the second place, the process of thinking up those three little ones above and rejecting the dozens I thought of and found unsatisfactory has filled my head with a swarm of mixed metaphors and idiotic oxymora, and I'm afraid they've made a shambles of my cerebral hurrah's nest. ◉

Sporting Life *from page 49*

acquired drive might lead to a college athletic scholarship.

It may be fashionable in some places to snicker over athletes and their college degrees, but for a girl like Tammy Mercer it's still a very worthwhile goal. Her family is second-generation poor—members of the dwindling class of New England yeopersons chewed up by the forces of nineteenth-century industrialism and indelicately spit out by twentieth-century regional decay. Mrs. Bull never went past fourth grade. Tammy's stepfather works at a local machine-tool factory. They struggle to keep food on the table for five kids, grandparents, assorted cats, dogs, geese, and goats. Mrs. Bull has gradually realized that Title IX and Chapter 622 could be the whole difference in her daughter's future—"the little bit of luck that I never had," as she puts it. And she admits, "The only way Tammy could afford college would be with a scholarship."

Ironically, Tammy Lee Mercer might have a better shot at success if she were a black teenager hustling one-on-one basketball in a city playground, not that that would guarantee anything more than a slim chance at a college scout's attention. The point is that boys who show promise in sports are at least routinely sought by the roving flesh peddlers known as recruiters and offered the pocket money and sports cars and passing grades, as well as the adulation for athletic prowess, that previously have been denied women. Although 460 colleges offer scholarships to women—a vast improvement over the 60 that did so three years ago—the college athletic system remains rigid, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) swears it will remain so. Many universities have dawdled with Title IX, waiting for disgruntled women or federal authorities to come after them. Lawsuits are multiplying rapidly over equal pay for women coaches, who typically earn one third as much as their male counterparts. Meanwhile, the peerless leaders of the NCAA have barricaded themselves inside the locker room and threatened that college athletics will die if women arrive at equality. Reform of the traditional scholarship system—the dollars and cents of equal opportunity in athletics—is encountering the stiff-arm tactics our trade unions used so successfully to guard the seniority system against blacks.

In any case, there are no football scholarships for girls, and there may never be. Tammy Mercer doesn't fit neatly into the categories we've provided, so perhaps she is a test in progress of how the system

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works. For one thing, since the application of equal opportunity laws in sports tends to depend on local initiative, the majority of the new crop of women athletes are coming from high income suburban communities, where feminism is advanced and athletics complement high achievement in academics. Tammy doesn't have those advantages. What she does have is mediocre grades and trouble reading even the articles about herself in the local newspapers. But athletics have had a salubrious effect on her studies: She's buckled down and her reading scores have improved. Still, she has trouble concentrating and has a low tolerance for frustration. "She's quick off the handle," said her football coach, Alan Jacque. "If you pat her on the back, she'll run through the wall for you. But if you talk at her, she turns off the old earphones."

Her coaches, sympathetic to her cause, admire the girl for her pride and drive. But they wonder aloud whether even the most progressive laws can give Tammy Mercer the special handling she needs. "This isn't East Germany," one woman coach says. "We depend mostly on local coaches to develop talent and find college places for girl athletes, which is to the good. But as it stands, even if we had a Cornelia Ender, she might never make it past the local swimming pool."

In a world absent politics and biology, they'd be chasing Tammy Mercer to do Kool-Aid commercials in a couple of years. Instead, she runs her wind sprints and bangs into halfbacks because that's what high school players do. By next year the boys she plays football with will be undergoing their own late growth spurts, gangling upward, adding beef. They'll develop the capacity to soak up and dish out more punishment than Tammy Mercer ought to take. Only the most extreme fringe of the feminist movement would argue that girls should continue to play rough sports competitively once their physiological paths divide. A serious woman athlete, even a natural, must specialize early in a sport for which scholarships are readily available—field hockey, softball, lacrosse—but which perhaps does not offer many thrills for a girl who is plumb in love with the gridiron.

Will this kid make it? you keep asking yourself. The answer must be a resounding maybe. At least the new equal opportunity laws give her a sporting chance. We have never been a nation to deny our athletes social mobility, a ticket off the farm or out of the ghetto. Having now promised the same to our Tammy Lee Mercer, we can hardly provide less. ◉

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

| | | |

Sociable Pong

"Perhaps the most lamentable victim of television is the art of conversation, the art of reaching out to a stranger through the medium of speech and forming a bond."

RECENTLY a friend gave me an electronic game called "Pong." By some manner of wizardry, the game turns the television screen into a playing field, with a stationary white line in the middle representing the net; shorter, movable white lines representing rackets; and a white dot in the role of the ball. A bleep when the ball "hits" the racket makes the game sound like a physical sport. The special features on my set include a dial that enables me to accelerate or retard the ball's speed and a switch with which I can transform the opposite player into either a backboard or a fiendish nonmissing opponent.

Although not generally a fan of nonathletic games, I cottoned to Pong immediately. Instead of merely talking at me, the television screen was challenging me, inviting me to participate. Moreover, the television was proving a social medium, a playground where two people could meet and relate to each other. For a change, it mattered whether or not I was paying attention to what was taking place on screen. Unless I was involved, the action on screen was meaningless.

Like most literate Americans, I suffer from a love-hate relationship with conventional television. Television is so easy to watch. One must force oneself to slog through a dull book, while the most insipid television program or commercial can be absorbed without difficulty. Particularly after a day's work, when one is tired, television is addictive. I can spend two valuable hours in an evening watching TV, not see anything of interest, and scarcely notice the passage of time.

Sometimes, while whistling one of the catchy tunes insinuated into my brain by advertisers, I assess the ways in which I could have spent those two hours a night, or perhaps six hours a week, more profitably. I could have exercised my mind by reading one of the dozens of nonwork-related books on my must-read shelf. I could have written letters to friends or family. I could have written a more explicit critique of a piece I was evaluating and could possibly have been of assistance to an aspiring freelancer. I could have thought more thoroughly about the next day's work, about how to publicize *Saturday Review* and bring articles to the attention of those whom they might interest. I could have done a dozen more productive or sociable things, or both. Yet, despite that knowledge, I continue to turn on the television and get hooked by its prattle.

In a way, my not atypical situation is comic: Am I so weak-willed that I can be defeated by a talking piece of furniture? In another way, my situation is troubling—because it is typical.

Whenever something is gained, something is lost. Dazzled by the magic of television, we tend to forget what we might have been doing without television. We might have read more, thought more, written more. We might have filled the hours with games like bridge or Scrabble. We might have played more musical instruments, spent more time outdoors, embroidered, knitted, whittled. We might also have consumed more spirits and drugs, to relieve boredom. What is certain is that we would have spent more time relating and learning to relate to other people. Without the instant smile at the touch of our dial, we would have felt more urgency about creating a more sociable environment for ourselves, and we would have worked harder to achieve it.

Perhaps the most lamentable victim of television is the art of conversation, the art of reaching out to a stranger through the medium of speech and forming a bond. In college I remember friends, weaned on television, who were so incapable of communicating with strangers that they refused to meet them. They called their fear shyness, as if it were a condition like red hair or a cleft palate. No one had told them that shyness can be overcome, like an infant's inability to walk, that shyness (to quote my late grandmother) "is a form of selfishness." Deafening music, drugs, and a nonjudgmental acceptance of each other as fellow travelers have to some extent compensated for my generation's lack of conversational competence. The fact remains: Television isolated us from each other; it collected the world into a global village and locked each of the villagers in cells.

Pong obviously is not the solution to this, but it is a hopeful sign. If, for a few hours, instead of the isolating TV fare, you have a playing field where live (as opposed to "live") people deal with each other, *communicate*, the world is that much more intimate and real. —CARLL TUCKER

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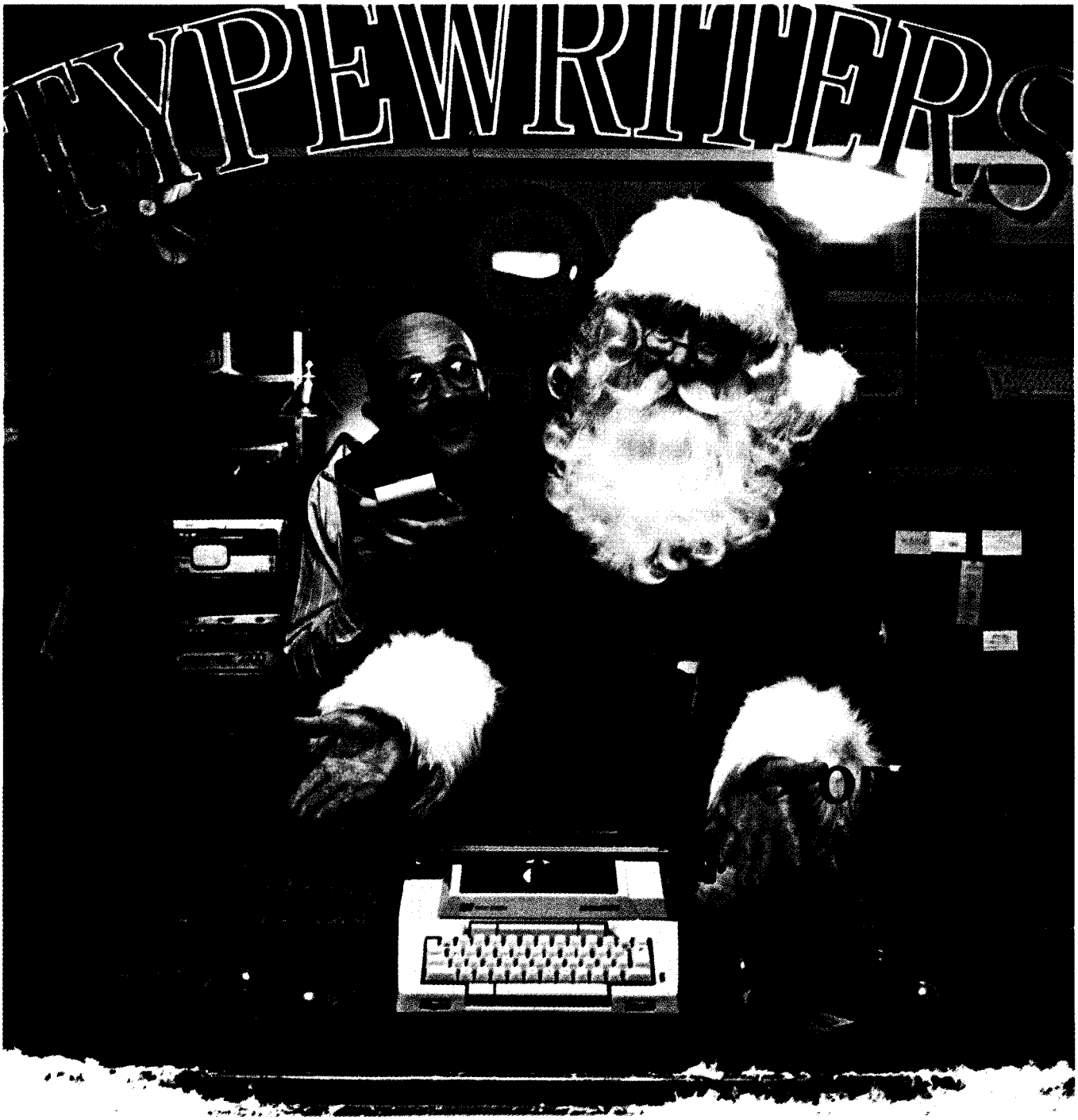

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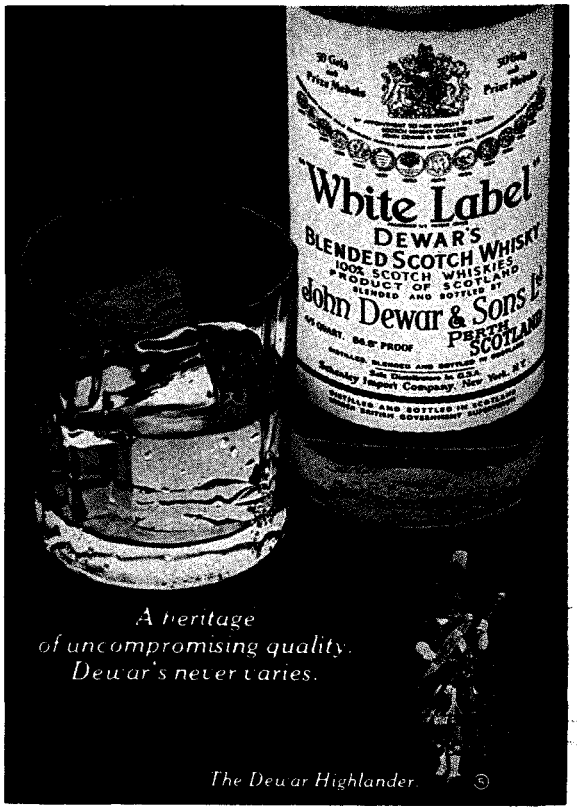

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